NEW MASSES

MARCH 29, 1938 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

The Naval Bill and a Peace Program

THE FIFTH ARTICLE IN A SERIES

By Earl Browder

Attack on the T. V. A.

By Henry Zon

Barcelona Horror

By Barrie Stavis

Gabriel Blows His Horn

By H. W. L. Dana

Thomas Mann *Reviewed by* **Dorothy Brewster**

Richard Wright *Reviewed by* **Granville Hicks**

Drawings by Fred Ellis, John Heliker, Gardner Rea, John Mackey, George Price

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HITLER WANTS IT

ON February 20 Adolph Hitler, speaking to his dummy Reichstag, demanded the suppression of the NEW MASSES.

What's that? you say. You didn't read any mention of the NEW MASSES in Hitler's speech. True enough, the NEW MASSES wasn't mentioned by name, nor was any newspaper or magazine. But in that speech, bristling with threats to the peace of every democratic country in the world, the scourge of Europe demanded the muzzling of every publication that tells the truth about Hitlerland, the truth about fascist aggression, the truth about the great issues that confront mankind today.

The NEW MASSES is proud to be in the forefront of those publications Hitler doesn't like. But how much longer will we be up there making things hot for Hitler, giving thousands of thinking Americans the knowledge, the guidance, and inspiration to help keep America and the world safe from Hitlerism, safe from war, safe from our own would-be Führers?

The answer to that question rests not with Hitler, but with *you.* Thus far we have received in the $20,000 drive to save the NEW MASSES a total of $9975.54. That amount has enabled us to keep afloat and pay off some of our most pressing debts, but it has not been enough to take us out of danger. A minimum of $10,024.46 is needed, and needed quickly, if our future publication is to be assured.

The fate of the NEW MASSES lies in the hands of every one of its readers and friends. We know you are hard up and that de-

[illegible]hy causes. But just ask yourself: [illegible] MASSES—now, at a time like this? [illegible] present issue; it speaks for itself. And just consider some of the things we have published in the three preceding issues alone—Upton Sinclair's open letter to Eugene Lyons, "France Appraises Hitler's Coup," by Gabriel Péri, the series of articles by Earl Browder on concerted action or isolation, Joshua Kunitz's brilliant and authoritative articles on the Moscow trial, "If This Be Heresy—A Catholic Defends the Loyalists in Spain," by John E. Kennedy, "Washington Watches the Depression," by Marguerite Young," "Look at Grandma, Dorothy Thompson," by Ruth McKenney, "Why Did Whitney Confess?" by Robert Forsythe, drawings by Gropper, Redfield, Kruckman, Limbach, etc., penetrating reviews of books, plays, movies, the dance.

Can you afford to get along without the best progressive magazine in the country? Can the great struggles in Spain and China, can the struggles in our own country afford to do without the NEW MASSES? Give your answer by sending your contribution—as large as possible—TODAY. And won't you do this; call up three friends or drop them a note, and ask them to do likewise. *We're counting on you!*

Hitler won't like it if the NEW MASSES lives. That's the best reason to keep it alive. Send your contribution by wire or air-mail to 31 E. 27th Street, New York City.

THIS WEEK

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WITH the issue after next (dated April 12, on the newsstands April 7) we resume publishing the monthly literary section, which was omitted last month due to the financial crisis. This doesn't mean the crisis is over; it won't be until we have the whole $20,000.

William Gropper has been moved to write us a letter:

"Like most professionals, and people who contribute to various publications, I never read any magazines, not even the NEW MASSES. But I am a constant contributor to the NEW MASSES and naturally look at the pictures. There are millions of illiterate Americans like myself who enjoy cartoons and who cannot read, or write you to print more pictures. Last week I jumped through the ceiling after reading (by accident) Robert Forsythe's *Mr. Whitney Confesses*—and now I will "confess" that you got something, boys."

New York readers, who get this issue Thursday, March 24, will be interested to know that at the meeting that evening at Mecca Temple on "The Soviet Union and Present World Affairs," Upton Sinclair will speak by telephone from California. A. A. Troyanovsky, Soviet Ambassador to the United States, will be the chief speaker, on the Moscow Trial; others are Dr. Edward C. Carter, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Rev. Thomas L. Harris. Corliss Lamont is chairman.

Who's Who

BARRIE STAVIS, now in Spain, has contributed articles to NEW MASSES and other publications. . . . George Price revives his famous man-in-air cartoon series, which ran for some time in the *New Yorker,* for one more drawing in our pages with a particularly apt political slant. . . . Dorothy Brewster is in the English Department at Columbia University. She recently edited an anthology of contemporary short stories. . . . Granville Hicks has just delivered the manuscript of his new book, *I Like America,* to Modern Age Books. It is scheduled for publication on May 16.

Flashbacks

AS New York legislators stormtrooped out of Albany last Saturday leaving an anti-Communist bill for the Governor to ponder, they brought to mind a similar act on April 1, 1920. That day five duly elected Socialists were expelled from the legislature. . . . Revelations at the trial of the twenty-one traitors in Moscow give all lovers of Socialism and culture new reasons for making memorable this year's celebration of Maxim Gorky's birth. Out of the "lower depths," the son of a poor paperhanger, he was born March 26, 1868. . . . "At no time while I was in Siberia was there enough popular support behind Koltchak in Eastern Siberia for him, or the people supporting him, to have lasted one month if Allied support had been removed," wrote the American General William S. Graves after the last of his troops had left Siberia, April 1, 1920. . . . Coxey's Army, the first large hunger march of the unemployed in this country, left Massilon, Ohio, for Washington, D. C., March 25, 1894.

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NEW MASSES

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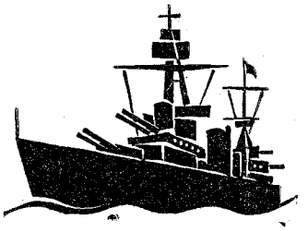

Ad Reinhardt

The Naval Bill and a Peace Program

CONCERTED ACTION OR ISOLATION: WHICH IS THE PATH TO PEACE?

By Earl Browder

LAST WEEK Maury Maverick made a speech in the House, in which his main point was the declaration that the Communists are for the Naval Appropriations Bill. Later, to substantiate his point, he gave the New York *Times* some extracts from my speech in Chapel Hill to the Carolina Political Union, published in the NEW MASSES of March 15.

Certainly we Communists have criticized, and continue to do so, Maverick's way of fighting the big naval appropriations. But we have never endorsed the enormous naval proposals, directly or indirectly. Our friend Maury was indulging in a little old-fashioned demagogy when he made that speech. Of course, something must be forgiven a man who is in a tough spot, who feels the ineffectiveness of his arguments, and who therefore is casting about desperately for new points which will appeal to the prejudices of his audience. In Congress as in the New York Assembly at Albany, there seems to be a majority ready to outlaw the multiplication table if it can be proved that the Communists have endorsed it. Since the small Communist Party endorsed the United States Constitution, these gentlemen have been deeply embarrassed; they have stopped talking about the Constitution for fear they might be suspected of secret connections with the Communists.

Maverick's pleasantries, however, cannot hide the deep seriousness of the problem that is posed, when he and other progressives abdicate the field of foreign policy in favor of the reactionaries. Maverick and Senator LaFollette, by their stand on the question of peace and how to maintain it, are decisively strengthening the hands of the reactionary forces which they fight against so admirably on domestic questions.

Maverick and LaFollette are, to do them exact justice, not leaders of isolationism so much as its victims. Neither of them has contributed any independent thought to the question, but rather they reproduce and express the isolationist moods and prejudices of their particular social backgrounds. Neither is a "convinced" isolationist as yet, in the deeper sense of having thought the question through to its end, faced all the consequences, and finally adopted isolationism knowing what inevitably flows from it. This fact gives us a right to hope that neither of them are as yet lost to the camp of concerted action for peace. Both of them, surely, will review the whole question again when their constituents back home swing over to a positive peace policy. In this sense they are practical men.

Senator LaFollette, for example, certainly did not know when he spoke on March 6 in New York at an "isolationist" meeting, that the organizer of that meeting, Bertram D. Wolfe, is a member of the Lovestone group, which is connected with the Bukharin group that admitted its organic relations with the Japanese secret service. He surely did not notice that, from the same platform with him, Wolfe gave out the slogan calling for the defeat of America in any conflict with Japan. Norman Thomas was there with full knowledge, but LaFollette was in the fullest sense an "innocent" on all these things.

Congressman Maverick is reported to have passed the judgment on Norman Thomas, not long ago, that "he insists, on principle, upon always being in a minority." But the same criticism seems to have a special application to Maverick himself, when he throws his influence on the side of isolation, and thus builds up the very foundation of the big navy advocates, and then, to save his conscience, fights against the big navy bill which his isolationism has helped make certain of adoption by an overwhelming majority.

No one doubts that the overwhelming majority of the American people are for peace, against war. But at the same time an equally large majority, if Congress is an even approximate measure, approves the big naval appropriations. The reason for this is the fact that the United States actually stands alone in the world, without as yet any practical program of collaboration with other peace forces in the world, and without any program for making its own influence felt in restraining the warmakers, but on the contrary, a practical program which is encouraging and helping the warmakers. So long as the United States stands alone, and is itself contributing to the war danger in the world, the simple common sense of the masses will continue to align them behind the big navy advocates as the obvious answer to the warmaking forces that threaten world peace.

Maverick is opposed to the proposed enormous increase of the navy. So are we of the Communist Party. Maverick has a splendid opportunity to reach the ear of the country, with his position in Congress as Democratic leader of the progressives, in a Democr Congress, while we of the Communist Pa are a small and persecuted group, able to reach no ears except through our own limited channels. And yet I venture to say that, despite our handicaps, the Communists are convincing ten times as many people to oppose the big naval increases as Maverick can convince. That is because we, first of all, undermine and destroy the prejudices of isolationism which are at the foundation of the big navy idea, while Maverick supports isolation but stops short only of its logical consequence in the naval appropriations.

Let this much be clear. The naval bill is the inevitable conclusion to the policy of "neutrality" and isolation, that still remains the practical foreign policy of the United States. No matter how much we Communists vote together with the Mavericks against a big navy, so long as isolation remains our practical foreign policy, the vast expansion of the navy will be carried over our dwindling votes. But to the degree that all progressives, including the Communists, can swing the country to a practical policy of concerted action for peace, to that extent we also organize the masses to cut down naval and military expenditures by making them obviously unnecessary.

There is still much confused thinking, caused by confusion as to what is really the policy of the United States government. Some people think that because President Roosevelt made a strong speech for concerted action to restrain the warmakers on October 5, 1937, at Chicago, therefore the policy of the United States government is no longer an isolationist

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policy. And because last Thursday, Secretary of State Hull made an international radio broadcast along the same lines, they become confirmed in their impression. But, unfortunately, it is not true.

Roosevelt's speech was a splendid contribution toward a change in policy—but it did not yet bring about the change. Hull's speech registered a continuing and growing determination to change—but the change is still not made. These speeches are, of course, also political acts in some degree, and influence the world, because they *promise* (or threaten!) to change American practical policy. But meanwhile—and this is the rub—practical policy remains isolationist.

And that is the central contradiction in the Roosevelt Administration, from which spring a hundred paradoxes. The gap between word and deed becomes the more glaring, the more international relations sharpen, the more imminent becomes the war danger.

Litvinoff spoke to the world, also on Thursday, on behalf of the Soviet Union. He suggested an international conference to organize restraint of the warmakers. The spirit and direction of his declaration was in close harmony with the speech of Hull. No one can doubt that the entire Soviet Union is behind Litvinov's initiative with full strength. But Washington has not responded as yet to Moscow's proposal. The reason is this, that while Litvinov's speech represented the considered policy of the whole Soviet government and people, Hull's speech represented an *aspiration* toward a policy, while the practical policy being carried out is still the opposite.

This fact was dramatically emphasized by the simultaneous bombardment of Barcelona, with the killing and wounding of over 4,000 people, mostly women and children, by German and Italian airplanes *carrying ammunition made in the United States.* In the same week boats sailed from Baltimore for Germany carrying two thousand additional aerial bombs, to replace those just dropped on Barcelona. Japanese and German boats continued to load and ship American scrap iron, for the making of shrapnel to kill Chinese and Spanish women and children. And at the same time President Roosevelt declared no move will be made to lift the embargo against the Spanish Republic, even though it is in violation of our solemn treaty obligations to that nation.

The United States is every day helping the fascist warmakers in a practical way, while reading them moral lessons in speeches. The United States is denouncing the treaty breakers, but at the same moment is breaking its own treaty with the Spanish nation. The United States places an embargo against the weak and helpless victims of aggression, who could not threaten us if they would and who would not if they could, but it carefully refrains from an embargo against the strong aggressors, who are threatening the peace of the whole world.

What a picture of blatant hypocrisy all this must appear to the rest of the world! How the fascist warmakers must laugh at our moral lectures directed against them! And how low must our moral authority be falling among the peace-seeking peoples of the world, who know that America, among all nations, is the only one with the power to throw the scale one way or the other without resorting to warlike measures.

With such contradiction between our expressed ideals of concerted action for peace, and our practical isolationism which is service to the fascist warmakers, the colossal naval expenditures proposed only create further confusion. Still worse, the fight for and against the naval bill is of such a nature as to perpetuate that confusion, taking attention away from the fundamental questions of foreign policy making for peace or war.

Reflecting and perpetuating this contradiction, is the spectacle of many congressional progressives, who are the best fighters for Roosevelt's domestic program, deserting the President on his proposals for a positive peace policy, thus throwing the decisive influence in foreign policy over to the reactionary side.

The only way out of this swamp is to organize the masses who favor concerted action for peace, arm them with a sharp and clear understanding of the issue, bring them to expression as aggressively and as clearly as the minority of convinced isolationists whose influence they must overcome, and show the Congressmen that it is just as practical politics, and maybe more so, to demand the execution in life of the President's Chicago speech as to oppose it. Wipe out the contradictions in American foreign policy, wipe out the contradictions between the line-up on foreign and domestic policy, implement the Kellogg Pact and the high ideals expressed by Roosevelt and Hull, accept the latest proposal of Litvinov—this is the road toward keeping America out of war by keeping war out of the world. And this is the way, therefore, to render obviously unnecessary, any enormous expansion of the war expenditures that burden the people.

This is the fifth article in Earl Browder's series on concerted action and isolation. The last article will appear in the NEW MASSES *next week.*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Assuming that war between Japan and the United States arises out of the situation in China, as illustrated by the Panay incident, would the Communists support the Roosevelt Administration in such a war?

A. All of our proposals are directed toward creating such a relation of forces as to prevent war and to rectify wrongs without resort to war. If in spite of all our efforts to this end, war between Japan and the United States arises out of the present world situation, it is our firm conviction that the cause of progress and democracy everywhere would demand the defeat of Japan. We would support the American government in such a war to the extent that its policies and methods contributed toward the national independence of China, and the protection of democracy and progressive policies at home and abroad. We reject the slogan of defeating "our own government" as the main orientation in the present world situation, in which the American government is clearly not aggressive nor moving to subject other peoples.

Q. Does "collective security" or concerted action include military sanctions?

A. Not necessarily, and we are not proposing military sanctions. Such military sanctions as might prove necessary could be undertaken by the nations most directly involved, without the United States, but with American moral and economic support.

Q. Is advocacy of the Ludlow Amendment inconsistent with concerted action for peace and democracy?

A. Yes it is inconsistent, but doubtless there are many people who still find it possible to combine these two positions.

Q. Are you in sympathy with the effort to stir up hostility to Japan as a result of the Panay incident?

A. I think it was absolutely correct for all progressives to use the Panay incident to arouse the American people to the criminal and bandit policy of Japan in China, to crystallize American sentiment against Japan, and to try thereby to cut off Japan from the enormous help she is receiving from the United States in murdering millions of people and crushing an independent friendly nation. I am only sorry we Communists did not make effective enough use of the incident for this purpose.

Q. Are you primarily interested in the welfare of the people of the United States or the welfare of the proletariat of the world?

A. Starting from my primary interest in the welfare of the workers and farmers of the United States, I have learned that this cannot be advanced by policies based upon *exclusively* national considerations, but must always be adjusted to the needs of international coöperation. Any departure from this viewpoint will always and inevitably, lead to enthroning the most reactionary forces in power within the nation. All apparent conflicts between the interests of the American toilers and the toilers of other lands are only illusions, created by the reactionaries in order to break down international solidarity for their own reactionary purposes. The Communist Party always finds the common interests of the peoples as the determining factor in every major problem and situation.

Q. Do you agree that the President's Chicago speech was motivated by vague moral humanitarian ideas, having nothing fundamentally in common with your realistic Communist (class struggle) ideas on the subject of fascist aggression?

A. I realize that the President shares none of our understanding of the class struggle, nor of our objectives of the future society, but that does not change our opinion that the full execution of his Chicago speech by the United States government is in the interests of progress, and therefore in the last analysis of the future Socialist society.

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"Examination by the G.P.U."

A Personal Experience

We are indebted to the *New Statesman and Nation* of London for cabled permission to reprint from their issue of March 5 the following illuminating account of a personal experience with the "G.P.U." —the Commissariat for Home Affairs of the Soviet Union. We reproduce it together with the following editorial note, which preceded it in the *New Statesman and Nation:*

"Peter Kleist, from whose notes Mr. Maurice Edelman has written what follows, is a German engineer who, after working for five years in the Soviet Union, was arrested when about to leave the country and held for a 'preliminary examination' in G.P.U. prisons for three months on a charge of economic espionage. As this narrative is taken directly from Herr Kleist's notes, it is written in the first person."—THE EDITORS.

I ARRIVED at the frontier station, Negoreloe, at about six in the morning. Without losing time, I sent my mother a wire asking her to meet me in Warsaw. At the customs, to my surprise, I was asked into a small room, my passport was taken from me by a G.P.U. official, and I was informed that I would have to return to Moscow under guard for questioning. Protestations were useless, and after being confined a day with a passportless Pole in the Negoreloe guard room, I was taken back to Moscow by an O.G.P.U. officer and private soldier, with whom I shared a compartment.

At the Belo-Russki station, we immediately went to the G.P.U. office—railway guard section—from which an official phoned for a conveyance, a *tchornoi vor.* I was cynically amused at the thought that whereas five years before I had driven over rough, unmended cobbles through the Lubyanka Square in a luxurious tourist Packard, I was now being driven the same way over smooth asphalt in an uncomfortable Black Maria. The Lubyanka prison, headquarters of the G.P.U., now called the Narkomvnudel, Commissariat for Home Affairs, has literally two faces, one the old section, which consists of a block of converted baroque offices, once the property of foreign concessionairies, and the other the new section, built cubically of marble and granite. We circled the buildings and drove in through the new section, whose iron gates slid open and closed electrically. I was taken into a waiting room where there were two officers in G.P.U. uniform sitting at a desk making notes, while another two, off duty, were playing chess. Here I was stripped and searched even in my hair. Then an inventory was made of all my belongings which up to then had accompanied me. I was given a copy of this and signed the original, which they retained. At my request, I was allowed to change from my holiday suit, which I had put on to meet my mother, into a work-a-day suit. No answer was made to my repeated questions concerning the charges against me, but I was assured that these would soon be formulated and that I would be given the opportunity of putting and answering questions to the proper authorities.

I was placed in a cell where there were three others asleep. The constantly burning electric light made it difficult at first for me to sleep, although later I became accustomed to it. This cell was in the office section of the buildings and had a parquet floor, which was polished daily by an uncommunicative old woman. There was quite a large window, but it was fronted by a sheet of white-painted metal and bars, such as any tourist can see in Moscow if he stands outside the Lubyanka. A large pitcher with chloride of lime stood in the corner, which my fellow prisoners and myself took in turns to empty daily.

The Lubyanka, contrary to popular opinion, is not a prison where sentences are served. It is primarily the home of preliminary investigation, the "Sobatchnik," the dog net, as the prisoners call it, where the day's haul is examined and the pedigree criminals are separated from the mongrels. There was a constant variation in my companions during my Lubyanka weeks. The bulk of them were under investigation for sabotage, what in England might be called "criminal negligence," as was the case with a signal-man, Fydorin, who had neglected to set signals correctly, with the result that eight Red Army men had lost their lives in a railway crash.

The food in the Lubyanka was adequate but not as good as in the Butirka prison, where I was later transferred, and where one could buy food in the prison shop. In the Lubyanka our meals consisted of tea, kasha, potatoes, fish or vegetable stew, and, occasionally, meat. There was an unlimited supply of water, and we were allowed five cigarettes daily.

MY FIRST examination took place on the second day after my arrival. It was held in an office furnished with the conventional leather armchairs of Russian offices, in one of which I was politely asked to sit by my examiner, a youngish man in civilian clothes. Before him were spread my dossier, my passport, and a photograph of my father.

"He'll be worried," said the G.P.U. man, pointing to my father's photograph. "In whose interest did you take the formulas for fabric processing and the statistics of Ivanovo's textile production that we found on you?"

"Some of the formulas," I replied, "I brought to the U.S.S.R. and are mine. The general statistics have been collected by me for my own use. I am an engineer, and formulas and statistics are the tools of my profession."

The G.P.U. examiner was courteous but insistent. Surely there was some one else interested in these formulas? Did I not know that the penalty for economic espionage could be as much as five years in prison? What would my father think? A clean breast of everything might be sufficient of a mitigating circumstance to end everything with, say, expulsion. He knew that my work had been highly spoken of by my former directors, who had no complaint except that formulas had disappeared with me when I left Ivanovo. I admitted taking the formulas but insisted that they were my property. At the end of the interview, my examiner, still very polite, reminded me that in Moscow, before leaving, I had handed a German several thousand rubles in exchange for his check on a German bank, at a better rate of exchange than the official one. I then remembered that I had met, on my side at least by accident, a German, who explained that he had just arrived in the country and persuaded me to let him have some rubles, useless to me now that I was leaving the country, in exchange for his check on the Diesdeuesbank. This was a technical offense which I could not deny. The G.P.U. official now informed me that this German was a known spy.

The routine of our cell began with waking at six, tidying the cell and emptying the pitcher, breakfast (bread and tea), the daily visit of the Governor or his assistant, two fine, humane men who listened courteously to complaints, then the visit of the doctor. There were no facilities for exercise in the Lubyanka; few people were detained there more than two weeks. We arranged, however, indoor exercises, in which I led the others. The rest of the day, with the intervals of the mid-day and evening meals, we spent in talking or sleeping. (One prisoner, Gromov, who had frequently been in prison for embezzling, slept the whole ten days, only waking in order to eat.) I gathered from the others that the form of their examination was almost identical with mine. There was never any suggestion of mental "third degree" and certainly no physical coercion. I had two more examinations in the Lubyanka, once with the plainclothes official alone and once with him and a uniformed official. I continued to maintain my innocence on the serious charge of economic espionage (Criminal Code, Par. 58)—but conceded my guilt in changing rubles. I was told that, pending expert evidence on the statistics and formulas found in my possession, I would be transferred to the Butirka prison.

The Butirka, a fortress of Catherine, now thoroughly modernized with electric light and central heating, is to the Lubyanka as Wormwood Scrubs is to Brixton. After the ritual undressing and hair combing, I was taken, to my relief, into a communal cell (the worst malefactors are placed in single cells; I was placed in one, transitionally, for a night). The cell was arranged like a barrack, with beds facing each other. There were about fifteen

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prisoners in the cell, and when I was let in through the door, a howl went up of "Starost." The Starost, meaning "Elder," is a prisoner occupying the official position, recognized by the Criminal Code of the U.S.S.R., of representing and to some extent controlling the members of a communal cell. He is elected by the prisoners and is their mouthpiece for complaints. He looked after new arrivals as a senior boy does a younger at school; he showed me my bed, accompanied me to the lavatory and baths for the "Opravika," an evening and morning ceremonial of bathing which was like a half-day holiday. There was indeed something incredibly school-boyish in the attempt of the prisoners, some faced with capital charges, to create a multiform life out of their uniform surroundings. We gambled for cigarettes, played chess with bread pellets, bet on whether the doctor or the Governor would call first and on the issues, fought and laughed and wept. We were unrestricted in our self-entertainment. Each day we had concerts with singing and dancing in the successful impromptu manner of Russians. We also gave each other lectures. I spoke once on the turbine engine; the alleged Trotskyites gave lectures on Stalinism (there was, I believe, an agent provocateur among us), and one Trotskyite, Akulov, did in fact give a fervent talk in favor of Trotsky, which was badly received.

I had a violent toothache in the Butirka and had it filled by the woman dentist, who would say nothing to me but how she admired a gold filling in my mouth which had been made in Germany.

MEANWHILE, although I had been offered the opportunity of seeing the German Consul, I had refused, thinking that to do so might imperil my chance of release by making my case a question of political prestige. I had also written to my mother telling her not to worry, as there had been a misunderstanding, which I could explain. She sent me a parcel of food, which I shared with the other prisoners as they shared theirs with me.

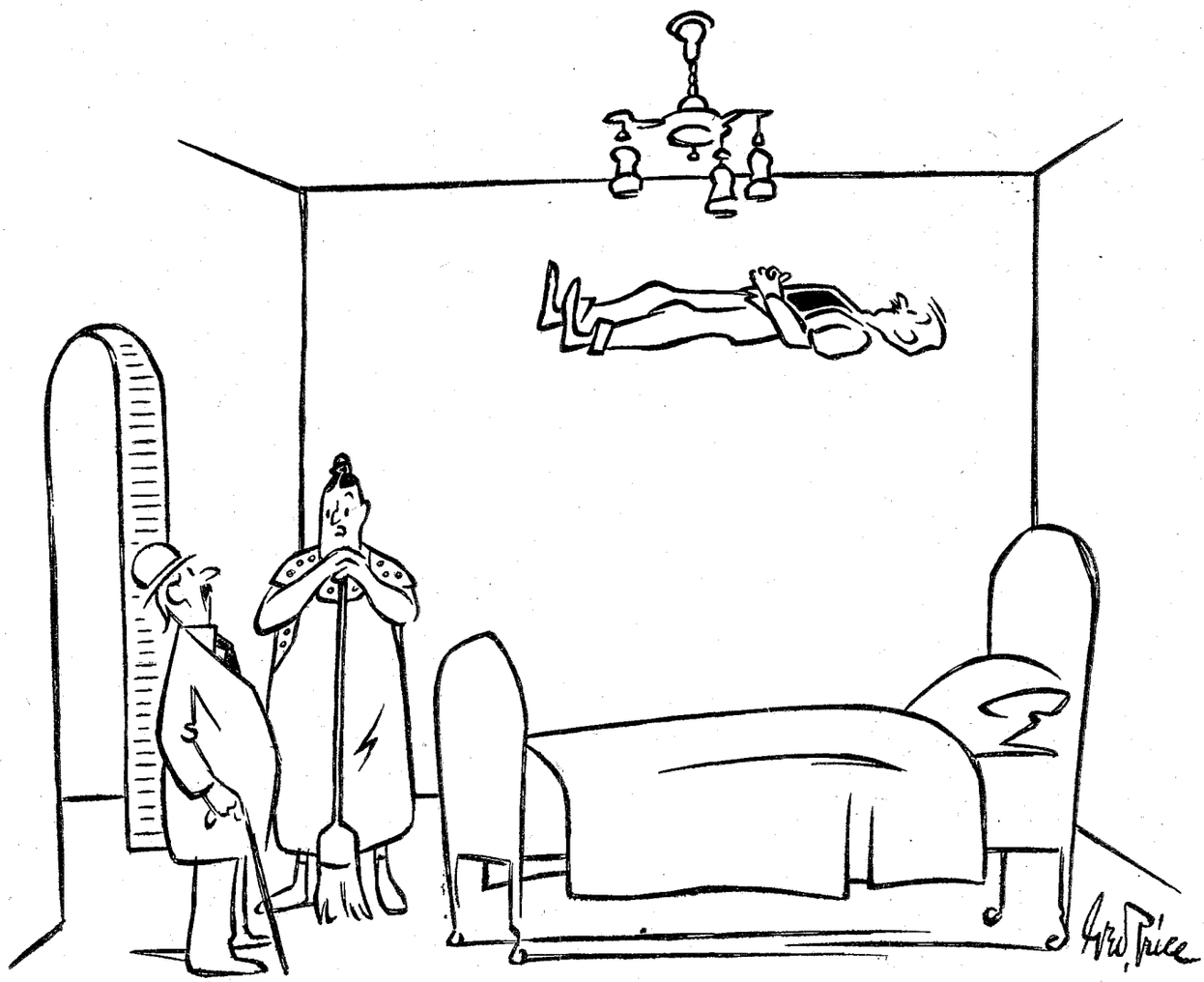
After I had been about a month in the Butirka, during which time I had received the short examination, I was summoned into the Governor's office and a formal decree was read to me.

"Whereas it is established that you, Peter Kleist, have attempted to remove from the U.S.S.R. certain formulas which, under your contract with the Textile Trust, were specifically the property of the Trust and the Soviet people, and also certain statistics, the property of that Trust and the Soviet people, it is decreed by the Commissariat for Internal Affairs that you be expelled from the Soviet Union for the duration of your life, such expulsion to be effective within forty-eight hours."

I welcomed the expulsion as a release from the prospect of five years in prison and received the clamorous congratulations, tears, and kisses of my fellow prisoners, with whom I had struck the intimate friendship of discomfort and suffering.

Before twenty-four hours had passed, I was again in Negoreloe; in forty-eight hours I was clutching my mother in my arms in Warsaw station. After six months, my father in Germany received my watches and other belongings, sent from the Narkomvnudel to me through the German Foreign Office.

Reviewing my experience, I find that I cannot seriously complain of my treatment. I was not guilty of economic espionage, and my only offense was a petty one that many foreigners in Russia commit and are known to commit. But appearances were against me, and I am not surprised that, at a period when there are undoubtedly foreign spies at work, my meeting and transaction with the German and the presence of formulas in my luggage should have given rise to suspicion.



"He says his isolationist position is the only realistic one."

George Price

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Barcelona Horror

By Barrie Stavis

BARCELONA.

AT twelve noon—you could set your watch by it—the first bomb hit Barcelona. A dull thundering rumble all around me. A hail of splintered windows. From the terrific impact I knew it was a heavy one—later they told me it was 500 kilos. I race to the spot—already police lines are established—I show my card—I'm passed through the lines. Talk about the easy-going Spanish and their *mañana*—I've never seen anything move so disciplined and fast. Half a dozen ambulances already there—more coming—each with a man on the running board, shrill whistle in his mouth, to clear the way. Lorries speeding in—with whistles on board them, too—each lorry jammed with men and rescue equipment. Almost complete silence—from much practice everyone knows his job—dozens of stretchers laid out—Red Cross men working in and out of the débris—quick examination of sprawling figures—separation of wounded from dead—"This one's still alive; on the stretcher with him"—a clean gray stretcher quickly blotting up a red stain—"Leave that one alone, he's finished"—"Lorry man, here's one for you"—two lorry men pick up the body and deposit it in a lorry—they find another—another—more dead than wounded—and another whose head is a pulp—a great square of stone squashed it—a doctor says, "Get this one, he's all right"—nearly all the stretchers are now red-stained—an ambulance fills up—shrill whistle of the running board man—it's gone and another takes its place—the cleanup group is busy at work—they're the "Defensa Pasiva"—they form a long file of men starting at the lorry and ending in the heart of the wreckage on the third floor—they pass the débris down from hand to hand like a relay team—a piece of table, plaster, a quarter of a bed, bricks, a kitchen pot—a straw hat, for some crazy reason undamaged—a ball of wool with two knitting needles stuck through and a partly finished sweater—they relay with a speed that comes from much practice—lorry for débris full up—another takes its place—a third—choking cementy dust floats over everything—the sun through it orange—handkerchiefs over mouths and noses, banditwise, making emergency gas masks—whistles—more ambulances—more lorries—a relay man tugs at a chunk of wall—something under it—he calls, "Stretchers"—two men climb up and blanket the mutilation and bring it in the lorry for bodies—I'm in the way—I stand to one side—I step on something slippery—it gives way, soft and spongy—I look down at the thigh of a man—just the thigh—nothing else—and my weight has made it ooze—my knee caps dance up and down doing a mad jig—I look around to lean against something—I pass a tree blown away at its roots and lean against another—something on my sleeve dropping soft, like rain—I look up—caught in a branch a woman's arm dangling, her fingers still clutching her purse—another man sees it—together we shake the tree and the arm comes slithering down, landing at my feet—the purse caught in a branch swings back and forth in a slow arc—a blanket spread on the ground—in it a piece of a woman, a breast and a leg—the man shovels the woman's arm into the blanket and drags the whole business to the lorry for pieces—more whistling—two people arguing, one says the bomb was five hundred kilos, the other a thousand—a shopping bag with a few oranges flattened out against a wall—a fistful of flesh pasted on the same wall—an auto was passing by, the windshield minced the driver's face into bits—two men shove the car away—they have to steer it between two dead horses still in their shafts—that's about all that's left of the wagons and the drivers—except a strip of harness—there's another horse there—his two back legs are cut badly—his flanks jerk up and down like crazy jack-in-the-boxes—big drops of steaming liquid rheum come from his nose—his eyes are crying—a man pats his head and says quiet words to him—whistles—another ambulance—no end to the dead? to the wounded? Lorry after lorry filling up with rubble—a pool of jelled blood with a footprint dented in it—a man with a pail of dirt covers it—a grilled iron gate—someone flung into it so badly that body, clothes and all, is cut into two-inch squares—you'd have to pick the pieces out with a nail file—or burn it all away with a blowtorch—a woman breaks the police lines—I see her running down the street—she runs, hoping it isn't her house—but she knows—and when she sees, she stops dead still—she could have been a statue—and then she screamed—not loud, just low and with pain—maybe you'd call it moaning instead of screaming—suddenly tears zigzag down her old face—and she rocks from side to side—and her hands fumble at her clothes—and her mouth is away wide open in a grimacing circle—have you ever seen anyone like that? something grotesque in that great big, open mouth—the hair sticking out in points—hands pulling at clothes—or sawing the air. Grotesque! Maybe—but her pain makes me cry out in pain—hers was the dolor of the world—a soldier, with a son's gentleness, leads her away—lorries running in and out—whistles—the hoarse cry of a relay worker—another body uncovered—two stretcher bearers go after it—it's the body of a man blown out of his shoes, as if his bones were water—an ambulance—whistles—a street car rail torn out and twisted into the shape of a giant paper clip—a gas main smashed open—the place stinks—I meet a New York friend whom I haven't seen for over a year—he calls to me, "Hey, Barrie, when did you get here?"—neither of us surprised—we sort of take it for granted that we meet in Barcelona—"Two weeks ago. And you?"—"I've been with the I.B. for over ten months." Then he says, "This is worse than the front." "Than the front—why?" "At the front it's only dirt. There aren't so many pieces of stone flying around to clip you. And at the front we're soldiers"—he points to a stretcher—a dead girl of ten or eleven on it—"What's she got to do with this war?"—I lose him in the crowd—I go to see how the horse is getting on—his legs are squirting red—pieces of muscle and tendon coil out of his back legs—a man says, "We must kill him," and he draws a heavy-barreled revolver—the second man, the one patting his head, says, "All right, I'll hold his head"—he points to the horse's throat—"You must send the bullet in here; be sure it doesn't hit me coming out"—the barrel right up against the horse's windpipe—two fast revolver shots—a fountain spurts out of the horse's mouth, and the men are drenched red to their elbows—the horse buckles under and sinks to the ground—someone brings a rope and ties it to the right hind leg—he yanks at the rope, and the leg swings back and forth—and with each jerk a thin, squirting fountain of vermillion from the gaping throat—minutes and minutes it takes—I never knew a horse had so much blood in him—a man, cigarette in mouth, fussing a couple of times with a stubborn cigarette lighter—he curses, sticks lighter and cigarette in pocket—another body uncovered—more lorryfuls of rubble—meanwhile, the horses have been derricked up on a lorry and driven off—they're food for tomorrow—the light fades away—night comes on—electric lights are strung around—a new shift of relay workers replaces the first—they're still working there—and they'll work till they're replaced—and it will be three or four days before they clear everything and only the steel skeleton remains—and gradually more bodies will be uncovered.

And now it's late at night and I'm in my room writing this out.

I'd like to get some sleep, or walk in the still nightness of Barcelona, or get drunk. What I want is to forget. To blot out images. And yet—maybe it's better to keep them fresh in mind—yes—all of them! The piece of thigh under my shoe—the blood on my coat—the horse fountaining a jet of blood—the body twisted into the iron grill gate. Better to keep it all fresh before me and to know that this is not an isolated, unfortunate accident of war, but a definite part, a vital part of the technique of fascist aggression. To know that this has happened in Guernica—in Bilbao—in Durango—in Malaga. To know that this goes on now, day after day, in Madrid—in Barcelona—in Valencia—in Tarragona—in Lerida—in Guadalajara.

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Fred Ellis

"The Soviet government . . . is ready as before to participate in collective action."—MAXIM LITVINOV, *March 17*

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Editors

THEODORE DRAPER, GRANVILLE HICKS, CROCKETT JOHNSON, JOSHUA KUNITZ, A. B. MAGIL, HERMAN MICHELSON, BRUCE MINTON, SAMUEL SILLEN.

Contributing Editors

ROBERT FORSYTHE, JOSEPH FREEMAN, MICHAEL GOLD, HORACE GREGORY, ALFRED O'MALLEY, LOREN MILLER, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, MARGUERITE YOUNG.

Business and Circulation Manager
GEORGE WILLNER

Advertising Manager
ERIC BERNAY

★

Mexico Reclaims Its Oil

THE Cárdenas government has reclaimed for the people of Mexico oil properties valued at about $400,000,000 by their former British and American owners. It is the most important action of its kind ever taken below the Rio Grande. The government, entirely in accordance with Mexican law, has promised to pay for the properties within ten years. Contrary to Ambassador Daniel's statement to the press, the action against the oil trusts came as no surprise. Indeed, the companies gave the government practically no alternative.

For more than a year, the oil companies have been waging uninterrupted guerrilla warfare against the oil workers' union. Despite annual profits of 60,000,000 pesos, the companies refused to increase wages by 26,332,756 pesos, as ordered by the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration on December 18 last. This award by the Board was upheld by the Mexican Supreme Court on March 1. The companies were given until March 7 to comply with the order. When that date passed and still no favorable answer was made by the companies, the government stepped in and embargoed the oil properties in the hope that an arrangement might still be made. The intransigence of the companies after that made reclamation of the properties unavoidable.

The scare-stories cabled from Mexico by some of the American correspondents should be discounted in large part. The most vicious of these are coming from Frank L. Kluckhohn of the New York *Times,* who is waging what amounts to a one-man campaign against the Cárdenas government. The fact is that the Mexican people unanimously support Cárdenas in his dealings with the oil companies.

Questions on the Trial

QUESTIONS about the Moscow trial being in vogue, the NEW MASSES has decided to pose a few:

1. Since the basis of the liberal's credo is suspended judgment, how account for the haste with which the *Nation* and the *New Republic* published rather hysterical editorials before and in the earliest stages of the last Moscow trial? And how explain their mysterious silence immediately after the trial, when even the Moscow correspondents of the *Herald Tribune* and the *Times,* certainly no "Stalinist" organs, left no doubt as to the authenticity of the trial?

2. Since the name of Max Eastman is the first name of an American ever mentioned in connection with any of the Moscow trials, since Max Eastman is not an obscure individual but an American writer, lecturer, and counter-revolutionist of some prominence, how account for the mysterious fact that not one American capitalist and liberal paper published this news? How account for this conspiracy of silence, especially since we know that when Rakovsky mentioned Max Eastman as the person who had recommended him highly to the members of the British intelligence department, all the American correspondents dashed for their typewriters?

3. Why does a liberal like the Rev. John Haynes Holmes doubt the degeneration of the Trotsky, Bukharin, and Zinoviev oppositionists into fascist tools? He himself, in his latest unbelievably ignorant editorial outpouring (*Unity,* March 21) exemplifies the first stages in the psychological process which, if carried to its logical conclusion, would transform a liberal into a fascist tool. In the light of the terrible events in Ethiopia, Spain, China, Austria, Rumania, Poland, the hundreds of thousands of victims of fascist savagery, and, by contrast, the tireless peace efforts of the Soviet Union, how can one characterize Dr. Holmes's grotesque assertion that the Russian Revolution has "collapsed into a personal despotism more terrible than the Swastika"? Is this not accepting the Trotskyist assumption? Is this not giving aid and comfort to the fascists?

Bought and Paid For

DURING the Little Steel strike last summer, the "Back to Work" movement grew particularly noisy in Johnstown, Pa. There "loyal" workers, who wanted to return to the mills and who objected to the strike for higher wages and a union contract, received the unselfish support of a hastily organized Citizens' Committee. This group declared itself "ready to protect the sanctity of our homes and our community at all times . . . we feel that a man has the right to work and should be protected in that right."

The magnanimous Citizens' Committee won the sympathy of Mayor Dan Shields. The city police, the National Guard, and brave deputies who earned sixty cents an hour and were called vigilantes by the strikers, rallied to the side of the "loyal" workers —a handful of Bethlehem employees, mostly foremen.

The NEW MASSES, six weeks ago, pointed out that "Mayor Dan Shields, former bootlegger jailed for violating the criminal code, . . . for $30,000 agreed to smash the strike. . . ." Last week in Washington, the LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee corroborated this statement. It learned that just before the Johnstown walkout, Bethlehem Steel had pledged $25,000 to the Citizens' Committee. Mayor Shields, who openly led the union-busting forces, received $35,450 from the Committee, and could account for only $11,666. But just after the strike ended, the Mayor paid off $23,485 in personal debts that extended back to 1931—and after some difficulty in remembering where the money came from, Mayor Shields at last recalled that his wife had enjoyed a "windfall." He had, however, destroyed all city records of hiring and paying special deputies, because, the Mayor said, "This was an emergency."

What the LaFollette Committee found true in Johnstown is typical of the methods of industrialists throughout the country. The investigation proved finally that the "Back to Work" movement, reinforced by police and vigilante attacks on the strikers, is organized and paid for by the employers.

Storm Troop Legislation

THE McNaboe-Devaney Bill passed in the closing session of the New York State Legislature is a Hearst dream come true. It would bar from public office, civil service jobs, or positions in schools all those advocating overthrow of government by force or violence, assassination, or other unlawful means. Directed ostensibly against Communists, its provisions are so sweeping that they could be applied to anyone who belongs to a labor union, or attends a meeting of a "subversive" organization, or reads a "subversive" magazine (such as the *Nation* or *New Republic,* for example).

This bill is the ugly fruit of the campaign to oust Simon W. Gerson, Communist, from a minor appointive position in the office of Manhattan Borough President Stanley W. Isaacs. In the forefront of this campaign have been not only the spokesmen of open reaction such as the Hearst press, the state commander of the American Legion, Jeremiah Cross, and Father Edward Lodge Curran, but the pseudo-liberal *World-Telegram* and *Post.* And it was the Lovestoneite-Trotskyite, Benjamin Stolberg, who helped

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ouch off this whole anti-democratic drive with his series of Red-baiting articles on the C.I.O. in the Scripps-Howard press. Just what the ardent crusaders who spawned the McNaboe-Devaney Bill have in mind was indicated by State Commander Cross when, in a speech before an American Legion meeting, he called for the formation of "storm troops to recapture our own institutions and government."

The people of New York in both the 1936 and 1937 elections decisively repudiated Red-baiting and all its works. The McNaboe-Devaney Bill is an attempt by the forces of reaction to smuggle through the program that was defeated at the polls. It is in truth storm troop legislation. Protests to Governor Lehman urging him to veto the bill should be prompt and numerous.

The Brass Check

IN connection with the *World-Telegram's* Red-baiting campaign, the story is widely known by now that the editors had to use storm-troop methods on their own cartoonist, Rollin Kirby. Kirby felt it necessary to send letters of explanations to some of his friends, apologizing for a couple of vicious Red-baiting cartoons he had drawn, directed against Gerson. He explained that he disagreed with the *World-Telegram's* campaign against Gerson. "I am selling my talents, not my opinions," is the gist of Kirby's mournful apology. Certainly, we understand: a girl has got to live.

Vendetta Against Wages

A NEW wage-cutting offensive is in the making. "An important percentage of industry in this country is laying plans for reductions in wages," writes Ralph Hendershot, financial editor of the New York *World-Telegram,* on March 10. "The cuts, which are expected to average about 10 per cent, are designed to reduce losses from operations brought about by the general decline in trade."

Many textile mills have already slashed wages. The B. F. Goodrich Co. of Akron is demanding that the United Rubber Workers agree to wage "adjustments." And the railroads, fresh from grabbing a 5 to 10 percent rate increase, are now demanding an additional pound of flesh in the form of a 10 percent wage cut.

That this vendetta against the living standards of the American workers has a political as well as an economic objective, is clear from Mr. Hendershot's comments. "They [the cuts] will constitute industry's answer to President Roosevelt's refusal to coöperate in an effort to bring about recovery," he writes. And further on, discussing plans for throwing new thousands out of work while reducing the pay of those employed:

> Obviously a large majority of those discharged will seek to be placed on the relief rolls. That means that the financial load now carried by the corporations will be shifted to federal, state and municipal authorities. Naturally, that is exactly what Mr. Roosevelt does not want, but there seems to be very little he can do about it.

The threat of new wage cuts and layoffs makes unification of the C.I.O. and the American Federation of Labor on the basis of the C.I.O. proposals all the more urgent. Not only are the living standards of the workers endangered, but of the farmers, professionals and small businessmen, whose income depends to so large an extent on the purchasing power of labor. The situation calls for a solid front of the entire American people against Wall Street's attempt to hammer down wages and blackmail the Roosevelt Administration.

Japan Woos Wall Street

THE Japanese government has started a great propaganda campaign to get American financiers and industrialists to underwrite Tokyo's aggression in China. The Japanese themselves are under no illusions about the opposition in this country to their war on China. Neither do they entertain any doubts that Japanese business circles dread the economic consequences of another year of war. Success by the Chinese in halting the Japanese army at the Yellow River will only intensify this fear. By getting financial support in this country, the Japanese government hopes to lay both oppositions at rest.

The first evidence of such a campaign appeared in the New York *Times* of January 16. An inspired story, written in New York, stated that Yoshisuke Aikawa, president of a Japanese company engaged in the exploitation of Manchuria, had approached Thomas J. Watson, President of the International Business Machines Corporation, for a $50-000,000 credit to help in the development of Manchurian industries by the purchase of American machinery. Mr. Watson subsequently denied that such overtures had been made to him, but Mr. Aikawa, at least, was not through.

In a Tokyo cable in the *Times,* dated March 12, Aikawa raised the ante to $300,-000,000. Mr. Aikawa is now in Manchuria examining his properties, but he intends to start for the United States within a month. The Japanese government has also been sponsoring "pro-American" rallies. The general tenor of the speeches at one of these, held February 19, was that America's friendship must be regained, though that friendship was strained only because Americans are so easily fooled.

Barcelona's Ordeal

WHEN Badajoz was taken, and fifteen hundred men were crowded together in a bull ring to be shot down, that seemed to be the full measure of fascist cruelty. But then Irun was taken—and every house was razed to the ground. And then the Asturias fell after a glorious struggle—and machine-gunners in Italian planes cornered women and children in the streets. In Guernica, fascist barbarity seemed to have reached its utmost in butchery from the skies.

But there was more. Barcelona's suffering is even more terrible, for a great city is involved. Two and a half million people, a large part of them refugees, are the victims of a systematic decimation, coldly calculated to break their morale. Of course, it will fail. The Spanish people do not wilt under fire. They have always emerged stronger, more determined, more unified. They will again. But at what a cost!

Murder by Neutrality

WHAT brings this bombardment of Barcelona so close to us, in America, is our own responsibility. Bombs manufactured in the United States are used to murder men, women, and children of Barcelona. That is how our Neutrality Act works out. Spanish democracy is forbidden to purchase the all-necessary munitions which she must have to defend herself. But Germany and Italy are not denied the munitions, and materials for munitions, with which to make a shambles out of Barcelona. Early this month, to cite but one example, twenty thousand du Pont bombs were carried away from Carney's Point, N. J., by the Nazi ship *Kellerwald,* for shipment to Spain and Japan.

Thus, while our isolationists worry about American resistance against fascism, America actually "intervenes" in Spain in favor of fascism. Yet it cannot be denied that the fascist powers were never more strongly despised in the United States, both among the people and in government circles. Several weeks ago, the Gallup poll showed that 75 percent of the American people sympathized with the loyalists in the Spanish war. The President has officially condemned the invasion of peaceful peoples as far back as in the Chicago speech on October 5, 1937 and several times thereafter. Secretary of State Hull officially condemns the futility of isolation. But the Neutrality Act still stands, a dis-

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graceful barrier to every effort to put an end to this practical assistance to fascist barbarity in Spain and China.

Amend the Neutrality Act!

THE Foreign Affairs Committee of the House has tentatively set the beginning of hearings on various bills to revise our neutrality legislation for March 29. There are two general types of bills under consideration. A fundamental revision, as outlined in the O'Connell amendment, would quarantine aggressors by prohibiting economic intercourse with these powers, while permitting the victims of aggression full right to buy munitions in this country. Other bills would simply permit the victims of aggression to purchase the munitions now available to the aggressors.

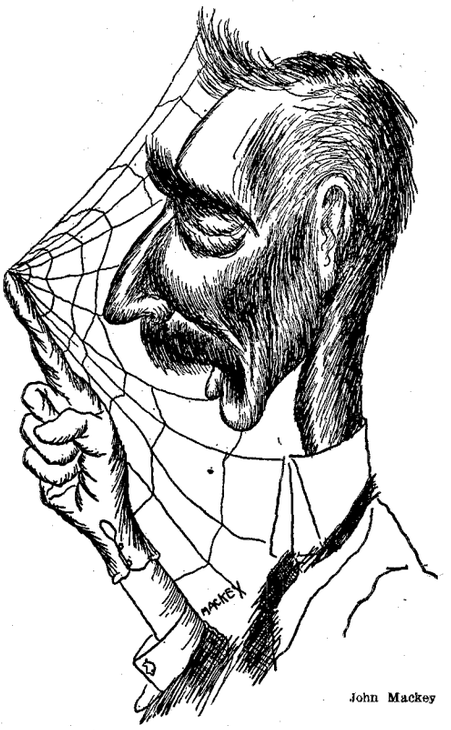
There is good reason to believe that the Administration will back some revision of the present act. How far that revision goes depends in large measure upon the public sentiment shown between now and the hearings. There is some indication that an effort will be made to keep the hearings closed, certainly an inauspicious start for any real revision. Any genuine pulse-taking of the nation on this question can come only through a thorough hearing, open to the public.

Last week, Paul G. McManus told NEW MASSES readers that "isolation on Capitol Hill has already passed full bloom," that the Administration and a growing number of important legislators "are waiting only for the assurance of wide popular support before they take decisive action." The time for such action has come. Delegations, telegrams, and letters to the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, favoring an open hearing and revision of the Neutrality Act, is the necessity of the hour.

Franco has always countered loyalist victories in the field with an increase in intervention by Germany and Italy. A way to fight this intervention now lies at hand. That is for the democracies of the world, including the United States, to lift the bar on the purchase of munitions by Spanish democracy. An initiative of this sort by the United States would encourage and perhaps decide similar action by France. The American people now have their chance to make their influence felt against the indefensible bombings of Barcelona. They must not fail.

German-Made Ultimatums

THE gun which the Polish government pointed at the head of Lithuania last week was primed not in Warsaw, but in Berlin. The timing and technique of the Polish ultimatum, following so closely on Hitler's seizure of Austria, bear the stamp, "Made in Germany." And Lithuania's capitulation under threat of invasion by an army twelve times as large as its own may prove to be its Berchtesgaden.



Neville Chamberlain continues to deplore atrocities in Spain

Nothing happened during the recent period to cause this sudden flare-up of issues which have smoldered for some eighteen years —nothing except Hitler's coup in Austria. That coup was an invitation to every aggressor to do likewise. Despite a formal alliance with France, Polish foreign policy has, under the direction of Joseph Beck, for long moved within the Nazi orbit. And the expansionist dreams of the Polish fascists dovetail into Hitler's program of encirclement of the Soviet Union, which requires the extinction of the independence of the small countries on the Baltic. The Polish government, with the help of the extreme fascists of the National Unity Camp, lost no time in manufacturing a war fever and dispatching a huge army to the Lithuanian border.

The news that Poland is now planning to form a bloc with the three Baltic states, Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia, to act as a "neutral" buffer between Germany and the Soviet Union tends to confirm that behind Warsaw stands Berlin. The establishment of this pro-fascist bloc would not only mean a dagger thrust at the side of the U.S.S.R., but would greatly increase the difficulties of Soviet aid to Czechoslovakia, should the latter be attacked. And in such a bloc the independence of the Baltic countries would be hardly more than a juridical fiction.

The picture is, however, by no means a dark as appears on the surface. Certain it is that the three Baltic countries have no desire to suffer the fate of Austria. Within Poland itself there are influential groups that favor collaboration with France. The Soviet Union continues to exert all its efforts to scotch Hitler's aggressive aims, and there is evidence that the reconstructed French People's Front government, under the impact of events, is giving greater support to these efforts than in the past. If the pressure of British public opinion can put an end to Chamberlain's ardent wooing of the fascist dictators, Hitler may overnight find himself face to face with a different Europe, a Europe united in defense of peace and democracy.

Damrosch Shakes His Head

IT all came out at the MacDowell Club. There, the opposition to the Coffee Fine Arts Bill assembled its distinguished speakers, including none other than Dr. Walter Damrosch. What came out was this: Under the guise of Art (note the capital A), attacks were made on unionism, liberalism, democracy, and popular participation in artistic activities. One speaker, with a voice shaking under emotional stress, pointed out that this bill makes no provision for the exclusion of aliens. He also hinted, with a leer, that the bill allowed for the infiltration of a "secret society"; he hastily added that he was mentioning no names.

Damrosch shook his famous white head, danced coyly, told how young he really was, and shuddered with fear at the thought of unions having anything to say about art or government. Hearing Mr. Damrosch speak against the bill must necessarily arouse support for Mr. Coffee among thinking people. Dr. Damrosch, though himself a member of the Musicians' Union, takes every opportunity to malign the union and its membership. His anti-union statements have just resulted in charges being brought against him by the union. Like some of his academic confrères, Dr. Damrosch argues for the artist's isolation from politics; yet he deserts that theory and plunges into politics—on the reactionary side—the moment he confronts a democratic movement which would attempt to give the arts back to the people.

For that is precisely what the bill is intended to do. It is the result of no plotting on the part of the trade unions, but of a healthy desire, springing largely from the people themselves, to see the cultural projects started by the W.P.A. put on a permanent basis, which alone will make possible the growth of a native culture under popular auspices.

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FORSYTHE'S PAGE

Mr. Behrman and the Facts of Life

AMONG the casualties when Hitler came into power was S. N. Behrman, the American playwright. The ferocity of Hitler's policy against the Jews shocked Mr. Behrman to an extent that can only be understood by those who knew his previous work. As a brilliant author whose play, *The Second Man,* had been produced by the Theatre Guild (the highest honor to which a writer might aspire in those days), he was an important figure in New York literary life. That group was then almost entirely free of race consciousness, and even today with the hate-builders active, the notion that a man could be less an artist because of his ancestry would get little support in this community.

However, as has often been said, New York is not America, and certainly it is not the world. The imbecility and bestiality of Hitler's policy opened the eyes of many writers who lulled themselves into a comfortable feeling that art was enough. The result with some was a further retreat from reality and a pathetic effort to propitiate fate by pretending that nothing had happened. If it were possible, they reasoned, to make Hitler and the other anti-Semites see that the Jews were good people minding their own business, he would soon recognize his error and mend his ways. Just as Senator Borah feels that any disapproval of Japanese terror will only stimulate Japan to worse terror, they felt that any attempt at defense by them would merely infuriate Hitler the more.

What Sam Behrman felt I was never able to make out, although I talked with him about it on several occasions. My respect for him as a writer and my fondness for him as a friend does not alter the fact that I consider him a muddled thinker. He is trying desperately to clarify his mind, and he is thinking both of the world and his position in the world, but the plain evidence of his recent plays is that he is little better off than when he began thinking seriously on social and political problems. What he would really like to do is return to the old pre-Hitler days. The liberalism to which he clings so tenaciously (and which Brooks Atkinson in the New York *Times* esteems so highly) has all the earmarks of desperation. Mr. Behrman can't bring himself to go forward, and he is too sensible to think that he can go back; the compromise is not so much liberalism as stultification.

From the practical viewpoint of playwriting, the liberal or middle-ground position is ideal. Since the New York carriage trade will have nothing to do with outright radicalism even when it is pansied up with humor, it is practically impossible to present a Communist on the American commercial stage. The idea of using a Nazi as a hero is so ludicrous that nobody has even attempted it. All that remains for a playwright who is interested in ideas is a form whereby he can allow the extreme factions a say under an understanding that there will be a noble and impersonal and "unprejudiced" observer in the middle to show how good sense and a decent bearing will conquer all. From seeing Mr. Behrman's recent plays, *Rain from Heaven, End of Summer,* and *Wine of Choice,* it is evident that he is no more certain of his position than when he started.

The fault lies not with Mr. Behrman but with some of liberalism's assumptions. When Brooks Atkinson praises him for presenting a good liberal position, he is also whistling in the wind. What he refers to as liberalism in *Wine of Choice* is not liberalism at all but a dramatic attitude. It helps resolve a play which otherwise would never end. The fact that he uses a Senator from New Mexico as his catalytic agent is particularly interesting, because the man he refers to, Bronson Cutting, was a friend of mine, and if there was anyone in this world more confused than Sam Behrman it was Bronson Cutting. When I saw him last in Washington shortly before his death in an airplane crash, he pressed on me a volume dealing with the Douglas social credit plan. It was his newest attempt to avoid the contradictions of the capitalistic system by finding a way to correct its evils without undermining its foundations.

Cutting was a fascinating man to study because he had two lives—one as a junior subdeb Tammany Hall in New Mexico and another as a genuinely forward-looking member of the United States Senate. At home he was a realistic, hard-boiled, vote-buying politician; in Washington he consistently and sincerely stood for the right things. It would be less easy for Mr. Behrman to idealize Bronson Cutting if he knew both lives, and yet Cutting essentially was an admirable character. What his life proves is something that some liberals never like to believe: that democracy is not something that can be lived in a vacuum. The people who speak of our very imperfect, blundering, capitalist democracy with a catch in the throat as if it were a concept as romantically fine as the search for the Holy Grail are merely making fools of themselves. To make it possible for himself to bring his liberal ideas to Congress, Bronson Cutting had to be a practical politician at home. He gave coal to the needy, he gave presents to new babies, he buried the dead and got paroles for the careless. His personal fortune was estimated at $40,000,000, and at one time he controlled both the Democratic and Republican Parties in New Mexico. For his reputation, his death was a blessing, because it was generally known that out of the election contest brought against him by the present Senator Dennis Chavez evidences of widespread corruption would have been uncovered. The effect would have been unpleasant even if his election had been upheld.

Despite all this Bronson Cutting was a sincere liberal and a national influence for good. I have not mentioned the New Mexican background of his political power to besmirch his reputation; I have given it for exactly what it is: an evidence that liberalism under capitalism is not necessarily an ideal state. The facts of life are hard, and Mr. Behrman's liberal is as much a stock figure as his Communist. The latter, in truth, is a caricature, as he always must be on Broadway. Either he is a dirty-necked agitator living on his grandmother and maligning her for her charity, or he is a devilishly clever gentleman who frequents the drawing rooms of the rich and loves and leaves the daughters of his host as ruthlessly as the former traveling man deserted the farmer's daughter. In my time I have known many Communists, both agitators and intellectuals, and neither of these gentlemen do I recognize when I see them on the stage, but there is the probability that I do not get around as widely as Mr. Behrman. In general, too, the Broadway character of a Communist is always something of a fake. He is just playing at Communism, waiting for a good chance to sell out. Mr. Behrman should know better than this, and I think he does know better, but he docilely follows along. It is the figure his audiences are used to, and perhaps it would be as hard for him to change the concept as it would be for him (or any other American playwright) to present the character of a middle-aged and flighty woman without having Ina Claire or Jane Cowl in mind. (As an aside I may say that the only person I have ever seen who looks like a Hearst-cartoonist radical is George E. Sokolsky.)

If the state of the world were less involved, one might excuse Mr. Behrman for his stock liberal, but his policy of mental neutrality is exactly as dangerous as political neutrality. The reactionaries like nothing better than writers who refuse to take sides. Fascism has grown fat on such kindness. If there is anything Hitler must love it is the kindly and well-intentioned who are content to leave him alone. What they never seem to learn is that by no possible chance will Hitler and his gang leave *them* alone. Not even good Guild playwrights.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

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Attack on the T.V.A.

By Henry Zon

BEATEN four times, the nation's utilities are making a fifth desperate drive on the New Deal's power program. Utilizing the current squabble among the directors of the Tennessee Valley Authority, they are demanding an investigation of the T.V.A. which, they hope, will indefinitely postpone pending legislation designed to implement the Administration's power program.

Such, in essence, is the basis of the current congressional demand by the Senate tories for an investigation of the T.V.A. Its starting point is the mud-flinging contest among the T.V.A. directors, but the Knoxville name-calling jamboree is just a convenient excuse for the power trust and its friends to cry "Corruption," "Teapot Dome," "Scandal," "Fraud."

The background of the T.V.A. will help illuminate the present situation.

For fifty years the electrical industry thwarted every attempt to secure state or national regulation of rates or securities. The results were disastrous. Investors lost millions in the Insull collapse, in Cities Service. Consumers paid extortionate rates. Politics, newspapers, schools, colleges, and technical professions were smeared with utility cash, were serving utility ends.

With 1933 the whole superstructure collapsed. A liberal national Administration took office, and the nation turned its face toward public ownership of public utilities. In 1921 Muscle Shoals, no longer needed for the war production of nitrates, gave the nation a chance to establish a super-power system, and Senator Norris of Nebraska led in the attempt to convert the Muscle Shoals dam into a power-producing station.

But the utilities decreed that there would be no generating stations, and the obedient servants in the White House and Congress heeded the decree. Big business was in the saddle and, in fact, in 1928 Josiah Newcomb, the chief utilities lobbyist in Washington, in a merry and brave moment in the Cosmos Club declared, "I represent a nine-billion-dollar industry. We will not permit the United States to build generating stations."

The swing came in 1932, and Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam were built and converted to the generation of power. The power trust was licked on power generation.

Next the utilities decreed: No public transmission lines. In the T.V.A. Act the right of the government to build transmission lines was declared, and the power trust was licked on transmission.

Municipally owned distributing systems must be stopped, the power trust decreed again. Bond houses refused to deal in public bonds for that purpose, or else charged exorbitant interest rates. When Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes offered P.W.A. loans for the building of municipal distributing systems, the companies ran into the courts and secured injunctions.

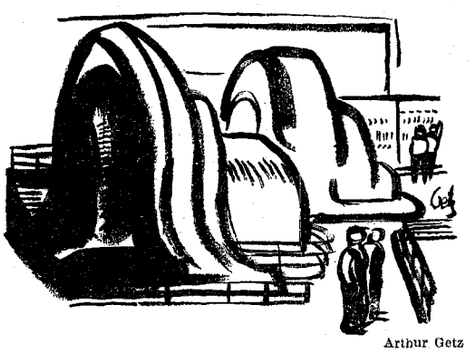
In January the chastened Supreme Court held in favor of the government, and Ickes is now turning loose over $99,637,000 to sixty-one projects in twenty-three states for distribution systems. The cities will provide an additional $47,279,854. The solid front of banker opposition was broken, and the power trust was licked on distribution.

In 1930 the utilities started the New River case, in 1934 the Ashwander case, and in 1936 the Eighteen Company case, all denying the right of the federal government to generate and sell electric power. The Supreme Court threw out the Ashwander case. On January 21, 1938, Judge Florence Allen, in the Eighteen Company case, declared the contested sections of the T.V.A. act constitutional and stated, "These complainants have no immunity from lawful competition, even if their business be curtailed or destroyed." Thus the power trust was licked on the question of constitutionality.

Having failed to top the demand of the masses for cheap and plentiful electric power, the utilities have now turned to a smear campaign while stalling for time. A look at pending power legislation tells why the utilities demand delay.

First, there is the Norris regional conservation bill, embodying a comprehensive program for power production, land planning, soil conservation, and intelligent usage of the nation's natural resources. Because it provides for public control of power it is anathema to the utilities.

Secondly, there is the appropriation for the Rural Electrification Administration. Since the appointment of John Carmody as R.E.A. administrator, the potentialities of electric power have been brought home to thousands of farms, principally through rural distributing coöperatives. At the moment the Senate has appropriated $40,000,000 for the R.E.A. for the coming fiscal year, while the House appropriated $30,000,000. Conferees failed to agree on a figure, the power lobby is fighting to keep the sum at $30,000,000, and the fate of the appropriation hangs in the balance.



Arthur Getz

Third, there is pending an appropriation for needed additional construction at the Bonneville Dam in the West, of which J. D. Ross is an able and honest administrator. The utilities crowd is fighting it.

Fourth, an appropriation for the Gilbertsville Dam at the mouth of the Tennessee River is also pending. It is an important link in the T.V. A. structure and means a possible 192,000 kilowatts of electric power.

Fifth, pending in the House Commerce Committee is the Norris resolution, directing the Federal Trade Commission to resume investigation of private utility propaganda and appropriating $150,000 for the probe. It has passed the Senate and has been pigeonholed in the House for over a year.

Thus defeated on four fronts and facing a rout, the power trust grabbed at the alleged T.V.A. scandal as a reliable red herring with which to divert attention. Had the T.V.A. directorship been serene and harmonious, the enemies of the T.V.A. would have filled the air with other charges to secure an investigation of the T.V.A.

That the investigation, which seems sure to come, will be an impartial, fact-finding investigation is unlikely. Senator H. Styles Bridges (R., N.H.) tipped his hand when he refused the suggestion of Senator Norris that they both stay off the investigating committee. This same Senator Bridges, it will be recalled, was the man whose heart bled for Tom Girdler during the Little Steel strike, who demanded that the Post Office deliver food and clothing to the finks in the plants, who shouted for law and order when the Post Office Department refused to perform strikebreakers' duties, but who raised not a peep when Chicago police shot, in cold blood, ten steel workers.

Bridges has been joined in his demand for an investigation by Senator King (D., Utah), a sanctimonious tory, who thinks that the housing act is "communistic" and sure to lead straight to Socialism. King's chief target in recent years has been the relief appropriations, and it has been his sadistic delight to cut and slash at those appropriations at every turn.

On the other hand, despite all the hullabaloo, the investigation is likely to produce little, for, in the words of Representative Jerry Voorhis (D., Calif.), the administration of T.V.A. has been "clean as a hound's tooth." The probe is apt to center on the three-man T.V.A. Board of Directors.

In charge of the power end of the T.V.A. is David Lilienthal. Well versed in the tricks of the power trust, he has, in many instances, beaten them at their own game and even sold

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ge blocks of power to industry in a competitive market sought by the private utilities. : was Lilienthal who forced the utilities to oncede the principle of valuation based on asonable investment, and he is currently engaged in negotiations with Wendell Willkie, ead of Commonwealth & Southern, for the urchase at a fair price of utility systems within the T.V.A. area.

Lilienthal has placed the T.V.A. on a contractual basis with the unions involved, with the result that the T.V.A. is one of the most highly organized of government agencies. He believes in the right of workers to organize and bargain collectively, and at the 1936 convention of the American Federation of Labor in Tampa made a solid speech showing the relationship between the T.V.A. and the workers of the nation.

Dr. Arthur Morgan, chairman of the board, is in charge of the engineering phases of T.V.A. Prior to his appointment, he was President of Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, and, as an engineer, he built a number of flood control dams on Ohio's rivers. These dams, it is reported, all bear neat plaques declaring that they shall never be used for the generation of public power.

Shortly after Morgan was appointed to the T.V.A., he told Judson King, power expert of many years' standing, "I want to tell you one thing. I am not going to fight the power companies." In 1936, when President Roosevelt indicated opposition to a policy of "power pooling," Morgan issued a long statement urging "coöperation" between the government and the private utilities on a basis of "mutual confidence," the setting up of power "pools," and denying municipalities the right to establish their own distributing systems in competition with the companies.

Senator Norris declared, in comment, "I was amazed at Dr. Morgan's position. Had I read his statement without knowing its author I would have unhesitatingly declared that it was the work of a power trust attorney."

IN MARCH, 1937, Morgan wrote in *Antioch Notes,* the publication of the college he once headed, "The company union afforded a golden opportunity for those in control of industry to discover an approach to industrial democracy and to develop capacity in workers for sharing both opportunity and responsibility. The fact that the very name has come to be hated by labor, and that commonly it has come to stand for methods aimed at preventing such sharing, is evidence that management often has failed to make wise use of a great resource."

The A. F. of L. International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers could not take that. An article by Marion Hedges, research director for the union, in the official journal remarked, "Here we find the same Protean words, the same sleight of hand of language, the same high-flown approach to the labor problem as Mr. Morgan manifests in his approach to the power problems. Here also, however, is abject conservatism masking as liberalism, misinformation parading as scholarship, and dangerous administrative policies made to look like expressions of noble emotions.

"One reads 'Company Unions' with amazement. One is confounded by the confusion of mind displayed by Mr. Morgan. One finds the article misinformed, almost ludicrous in its mixture of values and its distortion of facts. No thoughtful man can believe that the head of the T.V.A. could have put his initials to this crazy-quilt of labor philosophy."

Harcourt Morgan is the third director of the T.V.A. Formerly President of the University of Tennessee, he is concerned with the fertilizer division of the Authority. Because hundreds of thousands of farmers benefit by the cheap fertilizer produced by the T.V.A., his department has been relatively free from attack.

Critics of President Roosevelt point to the Morgan-Lilienthal feud as a case in point when they object to the present Administration. Mr. Roosevelt's critics of the unfriendly stripe are saying, "We told you so all the time," and proceed from there to indict the Administration, from the handling of the Social Security Act to the manipulation of gold reserves. It will be an important item of argument among that class of Republicans and tory Democrats who say, "We like what the President is trying to do, but we abhor the way in which he does it."

Though political wiseacres are holding their heads at the open White House conferences with the T.V. A. directorate as a gross violation of the adage, "Never handle a hot poker on the front porch," there are those in the Presidential circle who are convinced that Director Arthur Morgan, by his refusal to produce facts to back up his charges and his open defiance of the President, is playing into the President's hands.

A striking parallel to the present proposed investigation is the attempted smear of the Ontario hydro-electric system, which is publicly owned and operated.

The province began serving fourteen municipalities in 1910. By 1921, 268 municipalities were being served with public power, and domestic rates had been forced from an average of 9.3 cents per kilowatt hour to an average of 2.5 cents per kilowatt hour.

The success of the Ontario publicly owned and operated electric system alarmed Canadian bankers and utility magnates, just as now the success of the T.V.A. is striking panic in the hearts of American utility interests.

Sir Adam Beck, chairman of the Ontario enterprise, was called a "ruthless Czar," just as Senator Bridges called Lilienthal a "Hitler"; vast sums had been misappropriated, just as charged by the hidebound General Accounting Office in a remarkably timed statement; there was extravagance and corruption, just as charged in regard to the Berry marble claims; plant capacity was too large, just as charged now; the debt would bankrupt the province, just as charged now.

The result was that in 1922 the Gregory Commission was appointed to investigate the Ontario Commission. It spent $505,801 and twenty months in its probe, during which time the utilities and the reactionary newspapers had a field day.

The headlines of the Toronto *Globe* of March 14, 1924, told the story of the investigating committee's report to Parliament. "Rash Charges of Irregularities Were Baseless, Ghost Stories That Faded upon Investigation, Completely Vindicates Hydro-Electric Project and Even Commends Sir Adam Beck's 'Notable Service to His Province,' Province Pays $505,801 to Learn Hydro Is Sound," the *Globe* said.

Later one Samuel S. Wyer of Columbus, O., wrote a pamphlet attacking the Ontario Commission and sent it to members of Congress at the time the Norris Muscle Shoals Bill was pending. Subsequent investigation showed that the Wyer pamphlet was paid for by the private utilities. Purportedly based on the investigation of the Gregory Commission, it was proved filled with falsehoods, and Chairman Gregory repudiated it entirely.

But the Gregory investigation served the purpose of the Ontario utilities. It cost the province of Ontario half a million dollars, it delayed and hampered the work of the Ontario Hydro Commission, and it served as the basis of propaganda in the rest of Canada and the United States.

So it is with the T.V. A. investigation. Though nothing is proved, though the T.V.A. is fully vindicated, though the utilities are shown in their true colors, the investigation will provide a springboard for the utilities and their propaganda, and it will delay the whole advancement of the T.V.A. program.

Driven to the wall, the utilities are striking back, using the same blackguard methods they have always used. Representing as they do some of the largest financial interests in the country, the utilities give a clue to what may be expected when a program of broad social reform marches forward.

Bread and Butter Letter

Thanks for a perfect weekend at The Manse;
From hikes to hiccups, it was simply great!
We were especially glad to have the chance
Of looking over your renowned estate;
Your private golf links and trout stocked lake,
Your sunken gardens, stables, aquarium,
Are excellent—and certainly will make
A first rate Workers' Sanitarium.

Some changes must be made (begging your pardon),
We shall tear down the wall around the garden,
Increase the help, change shifts at 1:00 and 7:00,
Also increase their pay—perhaps we'll even
Retain your favorite servant at the door
To say, "He doesn't live here any more."

HOWARD NUTT.

★ ★ ★

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The Road to Recovery

By David Lasser

The following is the second half of a statement made by David Lasser, National President of the Workers' Alliance, before the Senate Committee on Unemployment, on March 8.

THE question which is before this committee now, and which I want to deal with, is the road to recovery. Firstly, how far are we from actual recovery and where do we want to go?

Much talk has taken place of late about a $100,000,000,000 national income as a goal. In 1929 we had a national income of about $80,000,000,000. Since then there has been a 20 percent increase in individual productivity and a 7 percent increase in population. This means that we should be able today to produce nearly 30 percent more than in 1929, or an income of $104,000,000,000. In other words, if we operated our economic order only as well—or shall we say as badly—as we did in 1929, we should pass that $100,000,000,000 goal. With a national income in the recovery year 1937 of about $67,000,000,000, we were getting only about 60 percent of what we were entitled to, even on the stupid scale of 1929. How can we get to that $104,000,000,000 mark?

We want to make our own position crystal clear. We have been painted as an organization whose sole purpose is to make continual raids on the federal treasury and somehow, by producing national bankruptcy, promote chaos or bloody revolution. The American people who know us do not take this fairy tale seriously. We are ready and willing to coöperate with every genuine effort to bring this nation on to the highway of recovery, and to return the unemployed to private industry.

We know, as the gentlemen of this committee must know, that one fundamental condition is necessary. That condition is the opportunity of the American people to produce and to buy back what they produce. We can no more have any genuine or lasting recovery without sufficient mass consuming power than we can defy the law of gravitation or the laws of arithmetic.

Government can and must do its part toward this end. It must do its part—first, to convince business of its fundamental responsibility for employment and wages; and, secondly, to take firm action upon the refusal of business to assume its responsibilities.

We could point out one simple road to recovery that could put an end to the present depression in three months. That would be a concerted agreement on the part of our industrial and financial leaders to start production and re-employ the unemployed. A 30 percent increase in production would mean the reabsorption of about 10,000,000 unemployed. The increased purchasing power that would flow from this increase would serve to re-employ millions more.

What is required is a sincere determination on the part of those who own and control industry to employ their idle capital, their idle factories, and their idle men. What is required of them is that "faith in America" that they ask of their workers. What is required is an investment in the future of America.

This re-employment must be accompanied by reduction in the hours of labor and sufficient increases in wages to balance the increase in productivity of labor. This means the enactment of an adequate wages and hours bill. The opposition of big business to the legislation that would uniformly raise wages and lower hours cannot be justified on the grounds of its economic effect. The opposition of big business is actually an opposition to government's touching that sacred cow, private initiative.

Do we not all know that increases in wages go principally into the channels of trade? A $1,000,000,000 increase in wages actually may mean $5,000,000,000 more national income; and from this increase the owners of industry would share abundantly.

I have outlined the job of business. What if it continues to refuse to assert its faith in America and leaves idle capital, idle factories, and idle men to go to mutual ruin? Shall government disclaim its responsibility for the common welfare?

We believe that upon the continued refusal of business to shoulder its responsibilities the government must step in—to a greater degree than before and with more conscious planning. Government should borrow idle capital, employ idle men, and set both to work producing what is most needed in our national life.

We know this much with certainty. Today we have about 13,000,000 unemployed, of which more than 5,000,000 are absolutely without family income from private employment. These 5,000,000 represent a minimum responsibility of the federal government, for the utilization of their skill and productive power and for their physical maintenance.

What is needed now is a conscious plan, based on our experience over the last eight and a half years—a coördinated plan to put to work as many of these five million as possible, supplying the most essential social needs.

We believe that this committee and Congress should face the staggering problem bravely—and authorize a plan of public works, direct relief, and liberalization of the social security laws.

With regard to public works. Here we suggest a sharp departure from the present scheme. Although roads, golf courses, airports are important, there are other public works which are of much greater importance. On the basis of the more essential necessities, a five-year plan should be authorized by Congress which would employ at least 3,000,000 unemployed, so long as that number are in need and available for work. Congress should authorize the types of work to be prosecuted and should make an initial appropriation for the coming fiscal year to start the work.

In other words, we need a "planning for recovery program," and not hand-to-mouth appropriations.

What are the most essential needs that should be included in a works program?

I should list decent housing as the greatest of all. Five to six million family units are urgently needed to replace those unfit for human beings. This would require twenty-five to thirty billions of dollars. We suggest approval of the proposal of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee for a five-billion-dollar public housing program, to be built by the government in coöperation with local public bodies and rented at costs the workers can afford to pay.

Hundreds of millions of dollars are required for hospitals; hundreds of millions for schools. I have a report from New York City which indicates that hundreds of schools there are firetraps and should be rebuilt.

With floods again sweeping the nation, we still find ourselves unprepared to meet them. Again hundreds of people drown, tens of thousands are made homeless—because of our unwillingness to provide for common sense needs. The National Resources Committee in a report to President Roosevelt has accumualted $465,000,000 of urgently needed flood control projects, the prosecution of which will save thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars in property.

Some $2,000,000,000 of additional municipal sewage systems are needed to provide for the health and safety of Americans. An official report indicates that 10,000,000 people do not have sewage collection systems, and that more than 45,000,000 people have no sewage treatment plants.

There is an additional phase of this works program that I wish to mention. Workers have a right not only to work, but to work at their own trades. After all, a worker's skill is his entire capital and cannot readily be transferred, as can the capital of a financier. Hundreds of thousands of workers have cheerfully gone to work with pick and shovel when their occupations formerly might have been in radio, in shoes, in textiles.

They have not only lost their skills, but the nation has lost the product of their toil. Why

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Application

Relief

Drawings by John Heliker

Food Check

Home Investigation

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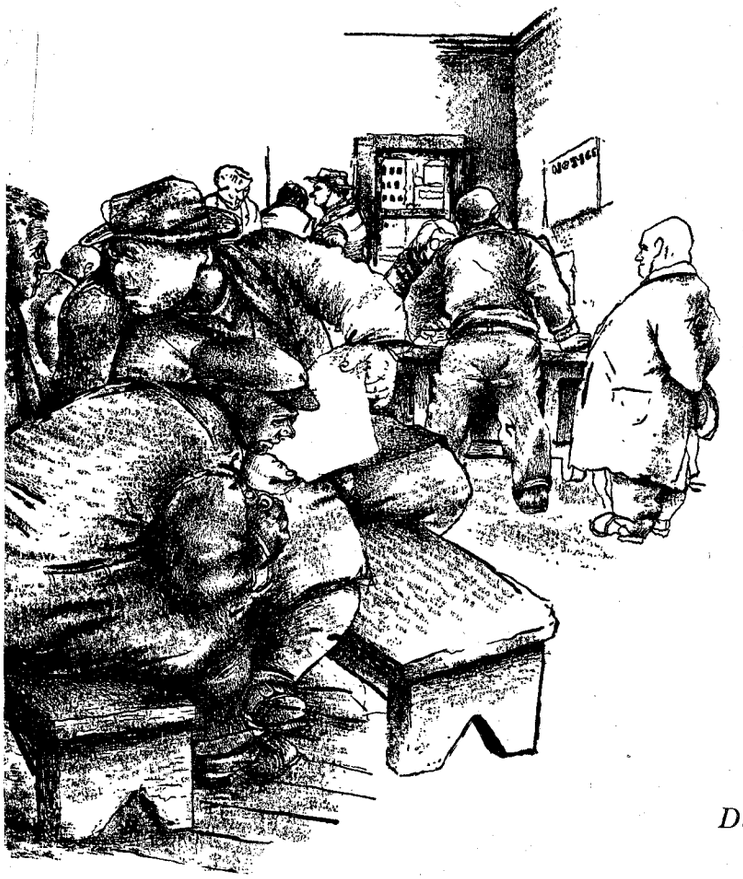

Single Men's Division

Demonstration

Surplus Food Depot

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: put them to work, in so far as is practi-
ble, at their own trades?

The government and people as a whole uld gain, for example, if the government ere to set up yardstick plants in certain in- tries. It is well known that prices of some sic industrial commodities such as steel, ce- ent, aluminum, etc., are unduly high, and nat collusion of producers has made it im- ossible to determine what prices actually hould be. Why should not the government stablish yardstick plants to employ workers, listribute the products of their toil, and at the same time determine what it actually costs o produce the commodities? Some of these the government itself uses. Others, such as consumers' goods, could be distributed to the unemployed.

These plants could serve a further purpose as a means of studying industrial processes with a view to eliminating industrial and occupational accidents and diseases.

The principle of yardstick plants has already been established in the T.V.A. The principle of experimental plants has been well established by the Department of Agriculture and Bureau of Standards.

Two special problems arise in such a program. The first is the problem of the youth who has never had a job in industry. The second is the problem of the middle-aged man. Here is a problem involving something more important than the conservation of natural resources. It is the conservation of human resources. We suggest that special projects be started which can give vocational training to the youth and vocational re-training to the middle-aged worker.

For this works program we propose an initial appropriation of $3,000,000,000 for the next fiscal year. Two factors must be remembered in considering this appropriation. The first is that the money spent would go directly into the channels of trade. The second is that out of this expenditure would result permanent, useful works which are additions to our national capital.

The conditions under which a works program is operated are of equal importance with the schedule of work. Hitler has a works program for the unemployed. His workers are medieval serfs. We should not be careless with the social rights of the unemployed if we want to guard and preserve and advance democracy. The right of workers on a government program to organize, to act for their collective betterment, to present collectively grievances on wages or working conditions—should be guaranteed by law, and penalties should be provided for the infraction of these rights by those sworn to serve the government in accordance with the law.

The conditions of work should be watched jealously, for there the government is the employer, and the government should be a model employer.

The workers should be given the opportunity—by freedom to participate in the program—to keep it efficient, clean of politics and corruption. They can and will be the best guardians of the public purse and public welfare.

In addition to the works program, the federal government must assume some responsibility for those unemployed in need who are not employed on the works program. If out of 13,000,000 unemployed we give jobs to 3,000,000, what is to happen to the rest? Some, it is true, will share the wages of another member of the family who is employed. But, according to the report of the Census on Unemployment, 40 percent of the unemployed have absolutely no family income. Here is an area in which relief is necessary to sustain the lives of millions of unemployed.

I have already recounted the relief standards now provided. Surely as we look at them we should hang our heads in shame, to think that our fellow citizens should be reduced to such outrageous poverty. The federal government has the same responsibility for these people that it has for others who are provided with work. The welfare of every American should be the concern of all Americans and of the government which represents them.

The federal government must either fulfill its pledge to provide all employables in need with work, or it must supplement and help maintain state relief funds on minimum standards. We propose that this be done on the basis of a grant to states upon the approval of a state relief plan and state budgets.

This principle has been incorporated in the Social Security Act and by all evidences is working well.

An allotment for next year of at least $500,000,000 should be provided for the supplementing of state and local direct relief.

Extension and liberalization of the Social Security Act should go hand in hand with works and relief. It should be the aim to transfer the emphasis in unemployment relief. Today it is given as a condition of being pauperized. It should be given as a social right of those who are unable to find gainful employment. By the inclusion of more workers under the Social Security Act, by the liberalization of the benefits, lowering of the waiting period, extension of benefit period, and improvement of administration—the act could become more properly known as the "Social Security" Act.

The improvement of the old age pension laws along the same lines would likewise transfer hundreds of thousands from relief to social security and put our whole treatment of this problem on a more self-respecting basis.

To summarize this statement, we have tried to show that mass unemployment, arising from the present stupid and greedy operation of our economic order, will be with us for some time; that we must decisively reject the theories of those who have twice within eight years plunged us into crisis; that federal responsibility for measures toward recovery are paramount; and that if business will not of itself employ the unemployed, the government must. I have tried to show the shamefully low relief standards in the states, the inadequacy of the wages on W.P.A., and the lack of planning in the program.

I have tried to indicate that recovery measures require not only a greater participation in the national income by the farmers and workers of the nation—but positive measures to stimulate re-employment. These measures should be carefully planned into a coördinated program of public works of the greatest social usefulness, supplements to state relief and liberalization of our social security laws.

I KNOW that the program I have outlined is costly. It involves the spending of a lot of money. It means political courage on the part of members of Congress to face the hostility of the powerful business and financial interests, and the daily press.

Yet this program is a minimum necessity for the best interests of the nation as a whole. Its adoption will meet with applause from the overwhelming majority of the American people—because it will mean a better America.

I have tried to give the economic aspects of this problem. The political aspect is: Does there exist in this Congress the determination to come to grips with the problem of unemployment, or will Congress drift along on the waves of political expediency? Is there in this Congress the bigness of vision, the intelligence, the courage to meet this monster of unemployment and vanquish it?

After all, with the possibility today of a national income of more than $100,000,000,000, we cannot expect the American people to be satisfied with $60,000,000,000—of which one-third is drained off into dividends, interest, and royalties. We cannot expect one-third of our working population to wait patiently for jobs and to endure relief on the present standards—or to work on unplanned W.P.A. jobs at as low as nineteen dollars a month.

Under the "general welfare" clause and power of the national government there is an obligation on our national books. That obligation is to provide for the physical welfare of those in need. If the members of this Congress or the government declare that they cannot or will not meet this obligation to those who are expected to support the present order—if there is not enough intelligence or courage to meet this obligation—then you are in the same position as a business concern that will not meet its financial obligations. You then make a public confession of political bankruptcy.

The people of this nation—the underpaid workers, the impoverished farmers, the home owners, the millions of unemployed—have a right to expect that when this Congress comes to consider its future policy on unemployment a new day will dawn.

We have a right to expect an intelligent and brave facing of the depths to which our economy has sunk and the inability of our big business leaders to provide a solution, and the clear mandate upon government to lead the way out of the wilderness.

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Gabriel Blows His Horn

By H. W. L. Dana

THE death of D'Annunzio marks the end of an era. In his flamboyant career can be traced step by step the strange development of a lost generation, which, beginning with a loud tooting of horns about "art for art's sake," passed through incongruous mixtures of sex and religion, and ended by using art to sound the trumpets of war and to inflame men to fascism and imperialism.

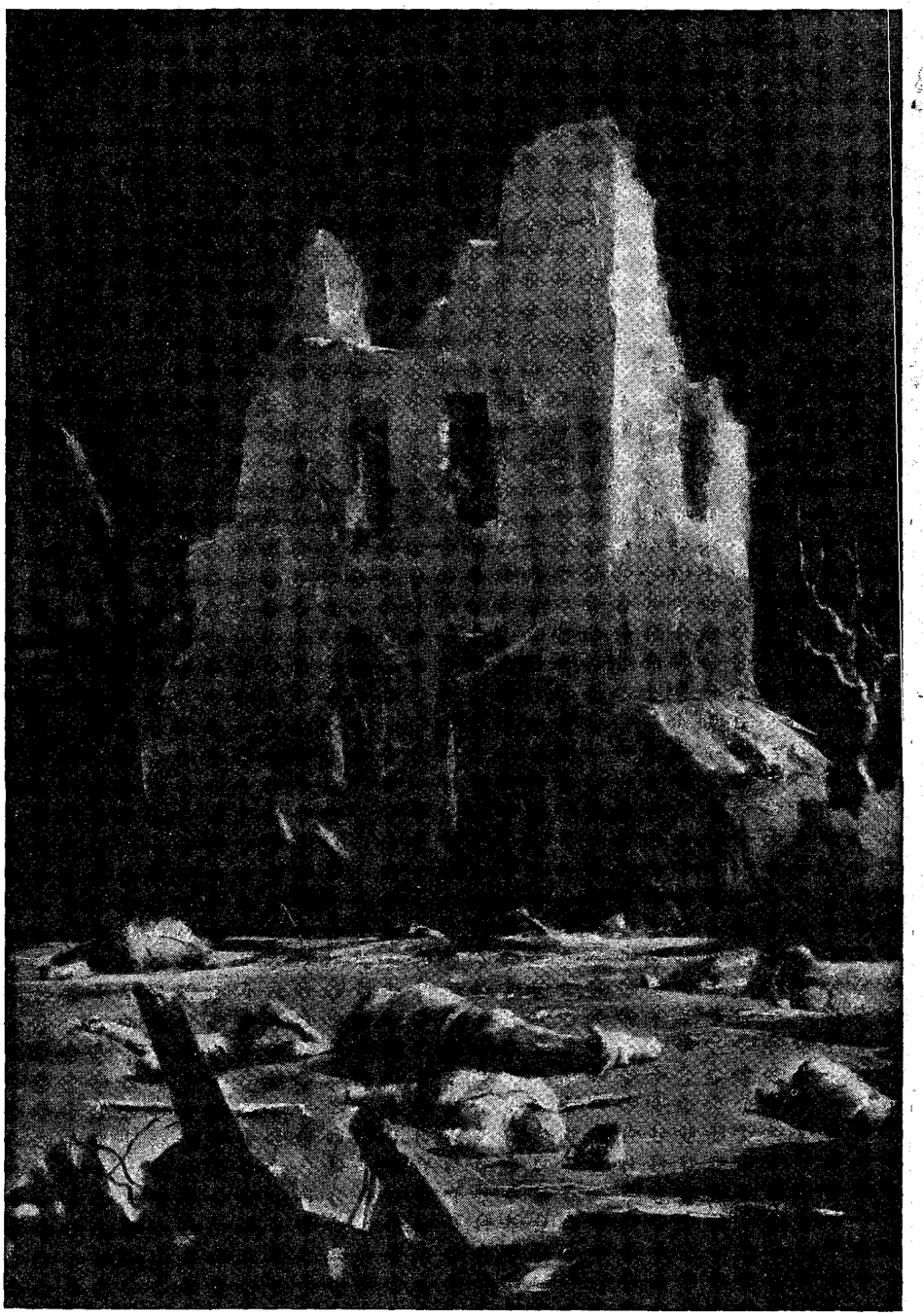
At the dawn of this century, pale youths hailed Gabriele D'Annunzio as the herald of a new era. Sophisticated sophomores in the colleges of this country—I know because I was a sophomore at the time—grew lyric in their enthusiasm for one who, in his egoism, remained to his dying day incorrigibly sophomoric. His very origin at that time was shrouded in mystery, and legend had it that he had been born on the water, rising from the Adriatic Sea like the goddess Venus, whom he worshiped. His very name seemed to have a symbolic significance, as though he were a sort of Archangel Gabriel of the Annunciation, whose silver trumpet blasts announced the sunrise of a new century.

For at the end of the 19th Century of realism and naturalism and materialism there arose in the naughty Nineties, and at the turn of the century, a movement toward mystic symbolism. Not so much from the literary centers of England and France and Germany, but from all the edges of Europe, from D'Annunzio in Italy, from Maeterlinck in Belgium, from Yeats in Ireland, from Hofmannsthal in Austria, from Andreyev in Russia, there seemed to be springing up a revolt against realism in the name of beauty and mystery and art. Young esthetes cried ecstatically: "This is art for art's sake."

D'Annunzio, who announced himself as the "Deputy of Beauty," poured forth a voluptuous stream of lyric verse. In place of the dull, drab, photographic gray of Zolaistic realism, D'Annunzio seemed to be fusing poetry and drama in a golden mist of Venetian glory. Reality was giving place to the atmosphere of dream and the light of common day to the colors of twilight. D'Annunzio's first two plays, in 1897 and 1898, had been characteristically called *Dream of a Spring Morning* and *Dream of an Autumn Sunset.* They were hailed as "pure" art, yet the esthetes gloated with the way in which these poetic dramas were saturated with sensuality and drenched with the odor of death and decay.

With 1900 had come D'Annunzio's sensational novel, *The Flame of Life,* the story of his passion for Eleanora Duse that had been one consuming flame. The flaming youth of the period drank it all in. Was not this Italian poet the "great lover"? Had he not loved the greatest actress of the age, Eleanora Duse, Eleanora of the lovely hands? Had he not fallen in love with her when as a girl she had acted Juliet among the roses in the arena at Verona?

Two years later, in 1902, the great Duse came to America, acting three new plays by D'Annunzio. Night after night, we swarmed to the theater to thrill with the shudder of fate, of Greek tragedy in *Dead City,* to glow with the rich passion and color of the middle ages in *Francesca da Rimini,* to throb with the decadent eroticism and estheticism of *Giaconda* Some felt that here was the apotheosis of the artist and art—an ideal symbol of the process of creation: the great poet infusing his imagination into the frail form of the actress. Yet those who had eyes to see and ears to hear realized that it was Eleanora Duse who alone gave substance to D'Annunzio's shallow symbolism, filling his empty allegory with the living beauty of her body and enriching his hollow rhetoric with the music of her voice.



Moonlight

Painting by Joseph Hirsch

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oon, all too soon, came the break with ıse. D'Annunzio, jealous of her very triıph, turned to other women and other enusiasms. He gave himself to a strange ixture of eroticism and religion. In his xt play, *The Daughter of Iorio,* he repreıts the enchantress who has seduced the pure oung peasant lad as ending by sacrificing ierself to save him and being burned at the take crying "The flame is beautiful!" A simiar martyrdom was the subject of his religious lay, *The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian.* Yet cannot forget the uncomfortable impression of insincerity I got when, at the world premiere of the play, I was presented in the author's box to the polished, bald-headed D'Annunzio, immaculate in a boiled shirt, self-satisfied and smiling sadistically at the tortures on the stage of the naked saint walking across the burning coals or being shot full of arrows. In the plays of this period the odor of sanctity was strangely mingled with the odor of sensuality—the odor of incense with the odor of incest.

Yet soon there was to be a new ingredient to be added to this "pure art." Art for art's sake, that had been mixed with voluptuousness and religiosity, was now to be used in the service of Italian nationalism and imperialism. Long before the coming into power of fascism, even before the World War, Gabriele D'Annunzio had begun his campaign for Italian aggression overseas. In 1908, in his symbolic play *The Ship,* he gave Italy the symbol of her future over-seas dominion, crying: "Arm the decks and set sail to conquer the world!" In 1911, telling the Italians to imitate the conquests of Caesar, he stirred them on toward the war with Turkey that led to the Baltic wars and the World War. At a time when an obscure Socialist journalist, named Benito Mussolini, not yet having abandoned Socialism, was spending five months in prison for protesting against this war, its poet prophet, D'Annunzio, was urging Italy on to the conquest of Tripoli and the extension of her African empire.

With the outbreak of the World War, finding within the triple alliance that Austria was unwilling to promise Italy the "Italia Irredenta," and that the Allies in their secret treaties were ready to offer Italy more territory, D'Annunzio dramatically went to the Minister of War in France and offered him his sword. At the same time that Mussolini was receiving money from France to turn traitor to his Socialist principles and to get Italy into the war, D'Annunzio was receiving from the French Ministry of War money to pay his debts, and made his triumphant return to Italy urging the Italians to war with blazing words. Full of melodramatic gestures he impatiently jumped about from one branch of the army to another: infantry, cavalry, navy, air force. Crying "Let us dare the un-dareable," he steered a tiny motorboat into the Austrian seaport of Buccari near Fiume. Flying a biplane over Vienna, he futilely dropped from the air copies of his poems defying the Central Powers. With his love for the spectacular, while he was in the air force, he still used to wear his cavalry spurs, as though to prick the side of his winged horse, his Pegasus airplane, in his poetic flights.

His war frenzy did not stop with the armistice. Not satisfied with the acquisitions that Italy had received from the Allies, he was still crying for "a still bigger Italy." Writing to Mussolini in September 1919, "I rise from a bed of fever. Tomorrow I shall take Fiume. The God of Italy will help us," he led his "Arditi," the forerunners of the "Fascisti," into Fiume amid showers of flowers, crying "I take upon myself all the blame and all the glory." Mussolini wrote: "Hail to the Legion and hail to Il Duce D'Annunzio." When the Italian government ordered him to retreat, the great Italian poet-patriot declared war on his native Italy. It was a patriotic gesture worthy of Franco. Crying "Fiume or death," D'Annunzio defied Italy and the whole world. Picking out an esthetic burial place in Fiume, he said grandiloquently: "I shall never leave Fiume, alive or dead. I shall be buried here and become forever a part of this sacred soil."

Yet after a few months of this futile fuming in Fiume, this poet hero, in spite of all his boasting, was obliged to eat his words and leave rather ignominiously. Returning to Italy and setting up his villa on the lake of Garda, he surrounded himself with all the claptrap of his adventures. He buried in his garden the bodies of his followers who had been killed at Fiume. He stuck up the biplane in which he had flown over Vienna. He had the battleship *Puglia* placed on the lawn, firing cannon to welcome his guests. He had a boulder from Monte Grappa on the Austrian frontier set up as an altar over his own personal tomb of an unknown soldier, and burnt on this altar daily his enormous pile of unanswered letters.

When other sensations failed, he made the newspaper headlines by falling off the pier in a rocking chair into the lake of Garda, or on the very eve of Mussolini's march on Rome in October 1922, falling from a window of his villa, regaining consciousness in time to hail Mussolini's triumph. He claimed to have given the fascists all their ritual: their black shirts, their Roman salutes, their war cry of "Aya! Aya! Alala!"—all their mystical nationalism. He was made, forthwith, the Prince of Monte Nevoso, the highest peak of the Italian frontier, and had a prince's sneer for the common people, whom he referred to contemptuously as "the great triumphal beast." He was a playboy, a spoilt child, to the end, and even after his death they have gathered his playthings about him: his dagger of the Fiume Arditi, the flags he had used at Fiume, at Pola, at Zara. His body was placed on the prow of the battleship in his garden, while Mussolini and the other fascists gave him that fascist salute that he had invented.

Gardner Rea

"Certainly this is Hearst Publications! Can't you smell?"

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READERS' FORUM

Ambulances for Spain

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I AM bringing to your attention a grave situation which has developed during the past few days and which has been brought home to us by frequent cabled communications from Spain.

A number of our ambulances in Spain have been blown to bits by fascist bombardment; one of our ambulance drivers was killed and two American nurses wounded.

On Tuesday, March 15, my committee received an anguished appeal from Spain calling for funds with which to purchase 140 ambulances, now available in Paris, for immediate dispatch to the Aragon front. Hundreds of wounded loyalist soldiers were reported left to die on the battlefield for lack of ambulances to save them. By nation-wide telegraphic and local telephonic appeals, to sympathetic individuals and organizations, we succeeded within forty hours in raising funds for the purchase of ten ambulances.

At the moment of writing a telegram has come in from Hollywood informing us that the film colony is telegraphing us funds to cover the purchase of ten more ambulances.

I appeal to readers of NEW MASSES to contribute what they can to meet this desperate need. Men are dying in Spain for our common cause. There is little that we can do to match their sacrifice. Whatever we can do must be done.

HERMAN F. REISSIG, Executive Secretary,
Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy,
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

A Cable to Leon Blum

TO THE NEW MASSES:

THE Hollywood Chapter of the League of American Writers drafted and got signatures for the following cable, sent Saturday, March 19, to Leon Blum, to the French Embassy at Washington, to President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull:

"The following writers, actors, and directors of Hollywood beseech that in the present crucial moment in the fight of democracy against fascism France abandon the ineffectual policy of nonintervention and open the border to the purchase of vitally necessary supplies by Loyalist Spain." (Signed) Upton Sinclair, Humphrey Cobb, Dashiell Hammett, Lillian Hellman, Samson Raphaelson, Dudley Nichols, Lewis Milestone, D. O. Stewart, Tess Slesinger, Frank Davis, Sidney Buchman, Cedric Belfrage, Viola Brothers Shore, Francis Faragoh, Arthur Sheckman, Boris Ingster, Frank Tuttle, J. Edward Bromberg, Irving Pichel, Maurice Murphy, Richard Collins, Ring Lardner, Jr., John Bright, E. E. Paramore, Jr., Aben Kandel, Antoinette Spitzer, John Wexley, Robert Rossen, John Huston, Johnnie Green. LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WRITERS.

For a Cultural United Front

TO THE NEW MASSES:

IT has been an accepted idea in the past that the artist was an isolated individual incapable of coöperating with his fellow-beings, that for the good of his soul, his work, he must remain aloof from the life around him.

Such organizations as the Artists' Congress, the Writers' Congress, and the Artists' Union have exploded this myth. Today in America one finds many such cultural groups, their memberships made up of people of recognized talent who have come together for the consideration of certain fundamental problems that confront all artists today. Nevertheless, these various organizations remain as separate groups.

France has been successful in forming a *Maison de la Culture,* an organization that combines the painters, sculptors, writers, actors of the stage and the movies, architects, dancers, and musicians. France is the first country to have a united front of all the arts.

The primary divisions of the *Maison de la Culture* are regional, each regional chapter being in effect a separate *Maison de la Culture.* Within the regional divisions are the vocational groups, each of which has its voice in regional control and, indirectly, in the national body.

The activities of the regional groups are under the general supervision of the director in Paris. Their activities are organized by the coördinated groups of the regional entertainment bureau, which, after deducting from its gross receipts an amount to cover expenses, gives 50 percent of the remainder to the Paris *Maison,* 25 percent to establish a fund for materials, equipment, and properties, and retains 25 percent as a reserve fund.

The following names suggest the quality of the membership. Literature: Romain Rolland, Malraux, Aragon, Jules Romains, Jean Cassou, Jean Richard Bloch. The theater: Charles Vildrac, Lenormand, Jouvet, Pitoeff, Marie Bell, Pierre Renoir, Vidalin and Peciet. The arts: Elie Fauré, George Besson, Fernand Leger, Picasso, Zadkine, Maserel, Jean Lurcat, Jean and Jor Martel. Architects: Perret, Lecorbusier, Frances Jourdain, A. Lurcat, Barret. Music: Koecklin, Ecthevery, Cantrelle, Desormiere. Cinema: Jeanson, Spaaek, Motot, Jacques Feyder, Rene Lefebvre, Jean Renoir.

Last summer, the *Maison* held an exhibition of early prints and documents on the French Revolution. This collection had been assembled by Jean Renoir in preparation of his historical film, *La Marseillaise,* now in production. It is significant that the son of one of the greatest painters of the French people should find the inspiration for his own life's work in the proletariat. *La Marseillaise* is being financed through popular subscription by the workers. The film is a dramatization of the role of the proletariat in the revolution.

Among the younger painters in France today there is a growing reaction against abstraction, surrealism, and all pre-War-isms. Jean Lurcat is one of the outstanding younger leaders. He has an important position teaching art to the workers of the *Syndicat Metallurgique,* being paid by the government.

Mexico is comparable to France in having successfully established a united front of the arts. The L.E.A.R. is similar to the *Maison de la Culture.* Both organizations have been so fortunate as to receive the support of their governments—as well as of their most talented artists. The organization of American cultural groups is relatively in its infancy. It is of the utmost importance that the various groups unite, as a first step toward such international solidarity as may make the artists and scientists of the world a power that shall count in civilization's coming life struggle.

IONE ROBINSON.

A Plea from Spain

TO THE NEW MASSES:

THE horror of the recent bombardment of Barcelona by German and Italian planes again impresses on all of us who are revolted by fascism the immediate need of increasing our help to the Spanish people. Former Foreign Minister Alvarez Del Vayo has dispatched a letter to the friends of democracy in this country. Just made public, the letter erads in part:

"The Spanish people turn toward the United States and ask you to raise your voice against the extermination of the civilian population of Barcelona and against a policy which prevents the Spanish government from acquiring the means necessary to defend itself from this murder of more than a thousand women and children in a single day."

The above is the result of our "impartial" Neutrality Act.

Chicago, Illinois. JOHN S. EUBANKS.

Wall Street Reign of Terror

TO THE NEW MASSES:

THE so-called "confession" by Richard Whitney of wrong-doing in connection with misuse of the assets of his famous stock-brokerage house is merely another ghastly proof of the brutal reign of terror in Wall Street.

No one with a grain of sense will believe in this "confession" for a moment.

We do not know, at this writing, by what means this "confession" has been extorted. It may well be that Richard Whitney has been subjected to the subtle and refined tortures of the Stock Exchange conduct committee, in long nights in the dungeons below Broad and Wall Streets. It may be that fear for his family (his brother is a Morgan partner) has induced him to make this "confession."

But we do demand at once that any trial of Whitney be delayed at least six weeks until a commission of twelve Russians, preferably those who know no English, can come to America and present pertinent facts to establish the complete innocence of the Whitney firm. Will the Stock Exchange grant this, or will it prefer to stand condemned before civilization for believing a man guilty solely because he confesses?

If any other defendant were in the dock, the case might have a certain amount of credibility. But not when it is the revered Whitney, beloved by the *haut mondé,* not merely a Stock Exchange member but "an old Harvard man." Can such a man be held guilty of violation of Stock Exchange rules—a man who is not merely a broker, but a hardened, life-long broker, a broker who lived through the critical days of 1929 and who led the financiers into Wall Street with the great slogan: "Now Put Your Smiles On, Boys!"

The man now in the dock, the man whose "confession" we are asked to believe, was *Morgan's own broker,* his right hand man, the executor of Morgan's own dictatorial designs. This is no ordinary defendant whose morale has been broken by a night in the torture chambers. This is a man who himself has been President of the Stock Exchange five times—now, alas, caught in the machine he helped to create.

Obviously he knew too much. Obviously he was too well aware of the schemes of the great Morgan and, equally obviously, it has become necessary to put him out of the way, in order to convince the Wall Streeters that the great mistakes made by the Morgan firm were due to someone else—to a Whitney.

We have complete proof at hand that at the time Whitney, who now "confesses," was supposed to be busy misusing the assets of his firm, he was really on a yacht in mid-Atlantic, enjoying tea. Unfortunately the documents on which this proof rests have been burned by Morgan agents, but we stand ready to prepare affidavits.

A great Wall Street crisis is brewing. It is perfectly evident that the Stock Exchange cannot hold out another year against the persistent decline in the quoted price of secondary bonds. It was necessary to find a scapegoat.

They lead this man into the dock. He does not cringe. Observe—he smiles! This, of course, proves conclusively that he has been tortured. He does not hesitate to confess but *confesses freely.* This confirms the obvious fact that the confession is forced. And the Wall Street torturer would have us believe in Whitney's guilt, merely because he says: "I did it!"

History will judge.

New York City. E. L. T.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Mann's Work in Progress

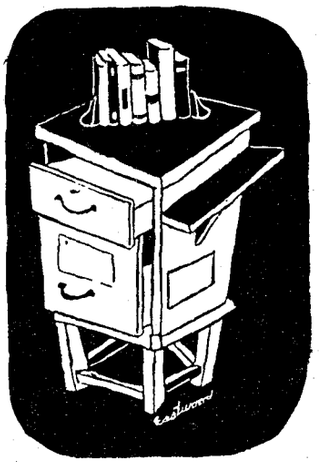
OSEPH IN EGYPT, *by Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Two volumes. Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.

THOMAS MANN'S JOSEPH STORY: AN INTERPRETATION, *by Harry Slochower. With a Biographical and Bibliographical Appendix. Alfred A. Knopf.* $1.

"IF I may be permitted a personal opinion," wrote Thomas Mann in 1934, when the second volume of his Biblical romance had already appeared in German and he was at work upon the third, "I believe that *Joseph and His Brothers* is my best work." Critics up to date seem not only to agree with him but to go much further, and wonder whether the best work of Thomas Mann may not prove to be the best work in fiction of our generation. Great novels—*Anna Karenina* is a well-known example—sometimes owe their inception to an accidental stimulus. Back in the Twenties a Munich artist asked Mann to write a few words of introduction to a portfolio of illustrations depicting the story of Joseph; and this sent Mann back to the old family Bible to reread the "graceful fable of which Goethe said: 'this natural narrative is most charming, only it seems too short and one feels inclined to put in the detail.'" The story took possession of his mind; he began to see it in the light of that new knowledge of our time gained by pushing forward both into the darkness of prehistoric times and into the night of the unconscious; back into the depths of time and—"what is really the same thing"—down into the depths of the soul. It was fascinating to attempt a psychology of the myth, and fascinating also to take his place in a long tradition by drawing his material from an ancient realm of civilization and fancy, "a favorite subject of all the arts, hundreds of times elaborated in the east and the west in picture and poesy." Finally, his interest had roots far back in his childhood, in a passion for the land of the pyramids and for archeological and Oriental reading. He planned a triptych: one wing for Jacob and his family, the other two for religious-historical themes drawn from Spanish and German sources. The first wing is now itself a triptych, and unfinished at that—*Joseph and His Brothers, Young Joseph,* and *Joseph in Egypt.* Meanwhile he has been forced into exile and active political opposition. But despite the Nazi regime, Mann has seen Joseph through his crisis in the house of Potiphar and stowed him safely away in Pharaoh's island prison, there to await his second resurrection from the pit.

To attempt to be scholarly and critically adequate in a brief review of a book like this is hopeless, and yet part of the pleasure of reading it lies in the reanimating of all sorts of intellectual appetites that cry out for immediate satisfaction. I delayed writing this review in order to go back to Mann's two essays on Freud and his autobiographical sketch; do a bit with the Encyclopedia Britannica, *The Golden Bough,* Breasted's *Egypt;* take a look at the Egyptian rooms at the Metropolitan Museum; read (with much profit) Harry Slochower's interpretation of the story, and an assortment of reviews; ask some questions of the translator, Mrs. Lowe-Porter; and try to recall what suggestions have been made toward a synthesis of Freud and Marx—a task that this work of Mann's makes seem increasingly important. All this running around to sources and this whoring after strange gods in the museum proves—if it has no other value—that Mann's *Joseph* is likely to disturb the mind. Here is one of those tales that have been told a thousand times, the great pattern tales of humanity, which grow in significance with the growth of the race and yield up ever new increments of meaning. For several thousand years men have known *what* happened to the favorite son of Jacob. But during the centuries, story interest has expanded from the *what* to the *how* and the *why* of events. What happened, Genesis tells; just how it happened and why, Mann is telling for a late and many-minded generation.

"I am horrified at the briefness and curtness of the original account, which does so little justice to life's bitter circumstantiality," he says, embarking on the true tale of Joseph and Potiphar's wife—the major episode of the second volume of *Joseph in Egypt.* Life's bitter circumstantiality receives full justice at his hands, in the portrayal of this woman who for centuries has been a hissing and a byword among the godly, and this youth whose chastity has for ages made the ungodly snicker.



Eastwood

How long, Mann inquires, did it take to bring Mut-em-enet, a lady of a highly civilized society, living in a heaven of good taste, to that shameless exposure forever commemorated in the Bible? What were the stages of her disintegration? To what extent and for how long was Potiphar aware of the direction things were taking? What is the explanation of Joseph's world-renowned chastity? In developing out of the brief Biblical text and some other traditional versions the most absorbing tale of unrequited love in the whole range of fiction, Mann has not left a question unanswered—or at least unraised, for his gift for passing some of his questions on to his readers is one of the most provocative (and sometimes most provoking) of his arts. His triumph is to convince us that thus and thus only did all these things come to pass.

He is no less convincing, though with less breath-taking effect, in earlier stages of the story that raise other questions. Why, for instance, did not Joseph escape over the mountains to his father at a certain place on the journey down the coast on the way to Egypt? Why not later, through one of the many channels of communication between Egypt and Syria, let his father know he was alive? Mann finds an answer in Joseph's feeling of having "died" in the pit, and of being directed by God toward an end prefigured in his dreams and defined by three phrases that haunt his mind: snatched away, lifted up, followed after. To go back to the life before the pit would be to resist God's purpose. He is on his way into a land which in the traditions of his people was the land of the dead. He renames himself Osarsiph, the dead Joseph. But though he does not seek to rejoin or reassure his father, Jacob's power over his spirit continues, and is strengthened by the father surrogates in his new life—Mont-Kaw the steward and later Potiphar himself. Though with his keen eyes and mind he had corrected some of his father's notions about the "land of mud" as he won his way into Egyptian life, he never forgot "of whose spirit he was child and of what father, son." In the final moment of temptation with Mut-em-enet, it is the father—image and idea—that saves him from what he knows is the way of death for the child of the promise. The woman meant for him the ancientness of the land, the unpromising desolation staring, like the Sphinx, into a future devoid of expectation. The hopelessly old was at the same time lewd and lustful of young blood. The hopelessly old: for Mann makes us aware that this was a very late day in Egypt, and even to Joseph, the Sphinx was already "intoxicated with deep draughts of time." It was a late day, and a dazzling one. Since there is nothing certain to identify the tale of Joseph with this or that moment in Egyptian history, Mann was free to choose

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the brilliant era of Theban pre-eminence under Amenhotep III, to be followed by that period of revolutionary change associated with the most interesting and puzzling of all the Pharaohs, Ikhnaton. Mann—musing like his Jacob over the past—has looked into the crystal layers going down and down into time, without any bottom, and "lighted up by lamps which burn between the layers"; and for purposes that will reveal themselves as the cycle continues, he has chosen to explore the crystal layer of Ikhnaton's age. Ikhnaton the Dreamer—it is his dreams that Joseph will be called on to interpret.

But Ikhnaton was still a child when Joseph first entered Potiphar's service. "Life's circumstantiality" can be sweet as well as bitter. As Joseph becomes absorbed more and more deeply into the life of Potiphar's great house in Thebes, Mann expands his narrative into detail that gives to art and archeology the enchanting colors of life. This house with all its stately rooms and its gardens becomes as familiar to us as the house of the Buddenbrooks, merchants of Lübeck. So that if we were asked how to get from one part to another, we would answer readily—turn to the left at the end of that long passage, go through the storeroom, and you will reach the garden with its pond and its graceful summer-house. And there perhaps you will find young Joseph, kneeling motionless with his tray of sweetmeats, while the brother-sister parents of Potiphar, the old and shaky exalted parents, go over for the hundredth time their very good, yet somehow not wholly satisfactory, reasons for offering up their little son's manhood on the altar of the old gods. Or you may find Joseph lingering, on a hint from the friendly dwarf, over his work of fertilizing the date palms, until Potiphar comes to walk like God in the cool of the evening and first notices his charming slave.

In both of these garden scenes, Joseph's great talents and sound sense serve him well. The exalted little old parents have given him a glimpse, and what a glimpse, into the painful secrets of the house of blessing. "Thus we see that to live in the highest heaven of good taste doth not save one from the most arrant blunders. How I should like to tell my father of this exalted idiocy!" He was yet to suffer from the exalted idiocy of the honorary marriage of the eunuch Potiphar. But for the moment his new insight was of great value, enabling him to shape his utterances on the symbolisms and ambiguities of sex in nature and in religion so that they fell with healing and flattery on the ears of his master.

There is no space to pause over the more subtle aspects of Joseph's maturing personality; his awareness of the role he plays in bringing to pass anew the story of the buried and mangled god; his delight in the themes of prefigurement and recurrence—for his soul, like Jacob's, like Mann's, was played upon by chords and correspondences; his coquetting with the forbidden (as in that scene of moon-worship at the well where we first met him),

Woodcut by A. Marculescu

which made of him a much more "dangerous case" than Jacob, working out a richer and more complex pattern. It is this last trait of Joseph's that allies him with Mann's earlier artist types—Hanno, Aschenbach, Tonio, Hans Castorp. But these are all "delicate children of life," whereas Joseph is the "child of the pit," with all its connotations of resurrection. He is healthy, not neurotic. In his later Egyptian life, he will become the "nourisher" of the people. "In the Joseph cycle Mann presents man's way as leading 'upward,'" to quote Professor Slochower, whose development of this idea should be read, for here as in many other matters his interpretation is clarifying and suggestive.

There is no space, either, to play with the two dwarfs, who contrive to be at once gargoyles and human beings, ethical and psychological symbols. Look into a book of illustrations of Egyptian art: the dwarf with the low forehead and close-cropped hair, his tiny legs tucked under him, his tall normal wife standing beside him and two normal children at his feet—that is the malicious Dudu. And the wise little old one with the wrinkled face—he is the dwarf god Bes, and his name was given in mockery to Sa'ankh-Wen-nofer, whose prudent counsels Joseph would have done well to heed. Just what do they signify? Ask Mr. Slochower, who asked Dr. Mann. Perhaps the Freudian id and the super-ego: the irrational, powerful drive of the unconscious, and the higher conscience, traditional control and wisdom—the pair between which the ego leads its nervous and anguished, but in the end (Mann insists) its finally victorious existence. Dudu and Bes between them influence Joseph's life, and they stand on each side of him when he submits to Potiphar's judgment in the final scene.

What of the correspondences that "mingle past and to come in the present moment"? The demagogic appeal of the maddened Mutem-enet to racial prejudice against the Hebrew might be a radio broadcast from the leading Nazi Jew-baiter. But more indirect in its suggestion of the present-in-the-past is the invocation of obscene gods in that extraordinary episode on the roof when Potiphar's wife turns for help to magic. It recalls Hans Castorp's snow dream in *The Magic Mountain,* with its note of horror—the dreadful whispered braying of the bestial hags over the human sacrifice. "Such deities there are and must be; for the world has sides that reek with blood and are stiff with foulness."

The obscene gods are here and now. They seem to be our present destiny. But there is a pregnant idea of Schopenhauer's that Mann dwells upon in the essay on "Freud and the Future": "as in a dream it is our own will that unconsciously appears as inexorable objective destiny, everything in it proceeding out of ourselves and each of us being the secret theatre-manager of our own dreams, so also in reality the great dream which a single essence, the will itself, dreams with us all, our fate, may be the product of our inmost selves, of our wills, and we are actually ourselves bringing about what seems to be happening to us." Some day, when, in Freud's words, "Where id was, shall be ego," man will no longer yield to his animal nature in striving "against seeing himself as the maker of his own destiny."

And then Freud may lie down with Marx, in a paradise of assimilation and synthesis.

DOROTHY BREWSTER.

Richard Wright's Prize Novellas

UNCLE TOM'S CHILDREN, *by Richard Wright. Harper & Bros. (A Story Press Book.)* $2.50.

YOU cannot read these four stories without realizing that the literature of the left has been immeasurably strengthened. Although Richard Wright is certainly not a new name to readers of NEW MASSES, and although the talents of this young Negro have not gone unrecognized, *Uncle Tom's Children* will not only make the name familiar to all literate Americans but also startle those whose expectations have been high. The truth is that the revolutionary movement has given birth to another first-rate writer.

It is Wright himself who gives the revolutionary movement credit. Born in Natchez, he wandered about the South with his parents until, at the age of fifteen, he went on his own. In Chicago, where he worked as a clerk, a waiter, and a street sweeper, he joined the John Reed Club. There, he says, he learned to understand the significance of his harsh boyhood. "I owe my literary development," he has said, "to the Communist Party and its influence, which has shaped my thoughts and creative growth. It gave me my first full-bodied vision of Negro life in America."

These are four tales of Negro life. The first tells how, of four good-natured, easy-going boys, two were shot, one became a murderer, and the fourth was burned, mutilated, hanged. The second concerns the special tragedy of a Negro in a time of general tragedy, a flood. In the third a white man seduces a Negro woman, whose husband is burned to

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death in his own home after he has killed the seducer. The fourth is a story of a minister who, after a beating, leads a successful demonstration for relief.

They are bitter stories, cruel stories. Each one tells of the white man's discrimination against the Negro, of his stark, irrational, savage prejudice. In the first story it is not the barbaric, sadistic fury of the lynch mob that impresses the reader, but the white man who shoots first and asks questions afterward. In the second one notes the colonel who, just after a Negro's wife has died, turns to his soldiers and says, "Give this nigger some boots and a raincoat and ship him to the levee." The white man in "Dark Black Song" not only combines seduction with salesmanship but also salesmanship with seduction. ("I'm leaving that clock and graphophone. You can have it for forty instead of fifty. I'll be by early in the morning to see if your husband's in.") And it is instructive to see how easily the mayor's patronizing friendship for Reverend Taylor ("It's not every nigger I'd come to and talk this way") yields to the Chief of Police's brutality ("A nigger's a nigger! I was against coming here talking to this nigger like he was a white man in the first place. He needs his teeth kicked down his throat.")

Each story tells also of resentment deep beyond any reckoning. The carefree boys in "Big Boy Leaves Home" interpret the No Trespassing sign: "Mean ain no dogs n niggers erllowed." The husband of the seduced Sarah says: "From sunup to sundown Ah works mah guts out t pay them white trash bastards whut Ah owes em, n then Ah comes n fins they been in mah house! Ah cant go into their houses, n yuh knows Goddam well Ah cant! They dont have no mercy on no black folks; wes just like dirt under their feet! For ten years Ah slaves like a dog t git mah farm free, gives ever penny Ah kin t em, n then Ah comes n fins they been in mah house." It is no wonder he and countless others feel that there is nothing better for them to do than die defiantly.

But there is something better, as Wright knows, and he is not content to leave his knowledge unexpressed. That is why, in the fourth story, he shows a Negro beginning to learn what he himself has learned so well. "Its the people!" the minister tells his son. "Theys the ones whut mus be real t us. Gawds wid the people! . . . Ah been wrong erbout a lotta things Ah tol yuh, son. Ah tol yuh t work hard n climb t the top. Ah tol yuh folks would lissen t yuh then. But they wont, son! All the will, all the strength, all the power, all the numbahs is in the people. Yuh cant live by yoself!"

So Wright says what he wants to say, or, rather, lets his stories say it for him. He writes with an intensity that makes you clench your fist. Big Boy in the cave, watching the mutilation of his comrade; Mann, brought to his death by the woman he has rescued; Silas, calmly waiting for the cruel end of a barren life, glad to pay any price for revenge; Taylor, thinking his way out of confusion as the lash falls on his back: these are things one feels rather than reads about.

Wright's technique is simple: straightforward narrative and beautifully direct dialogue. But there is no lack of artistry. He is always reaching beyond the simple event to catch all the complexity of emotion that surrounds it. The horseplay of the first part of "Big Boy Leaves Home" adroitly leads up to and contrasts with the frenzied tragedy of the shooting and the lynching. Sarah's downfall is not a rape but a complicated emotional experience that she cannot understand, and Silas's response is no conventional indignation at a sexual affront but hopeless resentment of the ultimate invasion of his personal life. Taylor becomes the focal point of innumerable forces in his community: white fear, white hatred, white tyranny; black desperation, black timidity, black courage.

If there is any weakness that Wright reveals, it is in construction. Two of the stories move with magnificent speed and clarity. In "Down by the Riverside," however, the author has difficulty in handling the rapid sequence of events after Mann reaches the hospital. And in "Fire and Cloud," when the mayor, the two "Reds," and the deacons are all in Taylor's house, the situation, instead of seeming dramatic, has for a page or two the confusion of a bad movie. Apparently Wright is so eager to move ahead with the main action that he will not pay sufficient attention to subordinate details even when they are essential.

This is a defect that can be remedied without too much difficulty, and I am confident that Wright will remedy it in the novel on which he is reported to be working. Certainly he has all the other gifts that go to make a novelist. *Story* Magazine made no mistake when it selected *Uncle Tom's Children* from the five hundred manuscripts submitted by authors on Federal Writers' Projects. It is not only a fine piece of writing; it is the beginning of a distinguished career.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Gone Forever, Thank Heaven!

ASSIGNED TO ADVENTURE, *by Irene Kuhn. Lippincott. $3.*

MISS IRENE KUHN'S breathless little account of her life and hard times as a round-the-world newspaper reporter might be a collector's item if the book weren't so hopelessly dull.

For the likes of Miss Kuhn, a jolly old "ink-stained wretch" who managed to spend twenty years before the mast of assorted newspapers in Europe, America, and Asia without learning, at least so far as the printed evidence shows, even one small, teeney-weeney fact of life, are fast disappearing from the face of American journalism. Thank God.

The American reporter, circa 1938, both at home and abroad, is gradually turning into a decently educated, hard-working craftsman,

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who takes his job seriously and works union hours. Miss Kuhn, however, is a little primrose of the Floyd Gibbons school of journalism.

Of course, I admit Miss Kuhn hangs up something of a record for classic dimwittedness, even among her own school of foreign correspondents. After all, most reporters working in France during the immediate post-War period noticed *something* of the effects of the Versailles peace. And now and then one of Miss Kuhn's fellow workers in Shanghai in the years just before the great national revolution got wise to the fact that the natives were acting very strange.

But Miss Kuhn, after several years in China, could only report, "Nobody knows what China is all about."

I find it extremely odd that some of our better journals, such as the New York *Times* and the New York *World-Telegram,* clapped hands so vigorously over Miss Kuhn's book. After all, *Assigned to Adventure* has some of the worst and ripest prose of the publishing season. Viz: "A long time I stood looking down the river, imagining myself some Valkyrie maiden at the prow of a ship; then I sat, knees hunched up under my chin, to gaze dreamily at the water and ponder the morrow." Wheee!

And even the reviewers of the *World-Telegram* and the *Times* must have enough pride in the reporting craft to be ashamed and appalled at the exhibition of callousness Miss Kuhn spreads out over her pages. Newspaper reporters, except Miss Kuhn, do not witness serious accidents and turn from the body of a maimed or dying man to call the city desk instead of an ambulance.

Assigned to Adventure is such an obvious dud that surely readers have a right to wonder if the breathlessly enthusiastic reviews of the book published in our better sheets are not prompted by the well-known fact that Miss Kuhn is violently anti-union and notoriously against the American Newspaper Guild.

For what could better serve the interests of an anti-union publisher than this little gem from Miss Kuhn's pages: "In those days, when I got my training, newspaper people thought it a privilege to work ten, twelve or twenty-four hours on a story without pause. . . . Few newspaper shops had disgruntled employees. There was the usual bellyaching, but only of the kind inherent in every genuine newspaper worker, and it meant only that someone was letting off steam, as in an Irish family fight."

It gives me no little satisfaction to agree with Miss Kuhn that those days are gone forever.

RUTH MCKENNEY.

Robert Patterson

The Fight

In Spain Goes On

"A glorious people vibrated again
The lightning of the nations; Liberty
From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,
Scattering contagious fire into the sky,
Gleamed. . . ."

AGAIN SPAIN fires the imagination of the world's heart as it did in Shelley's time. And will there be victory again—in a larger sense? THE FIGHT, magazine of the American League for Peace and Democracy, in its special 64-page April issue, all devoted to Spain, examines the question from all angles and says "Yes." . . . Here, the unconquerable spirit of Spain glows in a 17-page photo-pictorial—a magazine within a magazine. Here the text, with illustrations in five colors, contains articles by George Seldes, on reportorial distortions of the New York *Times;* by Carleton Beals on Latin America and Franco; by James Waterman Wise, just returned from Spain, on the unity of the people. In all, thirteen articles by authoritative writers on the struggle in Spain. Full-page cartoon by Art Young and illustrations by other well-known artists. No one whose mind and heart are moved by this "glorious people" dares ignore this historic April issue devoted entirely to the Fascist invasions of Spain. Nor should anyone miss other numbers of THE FIGHT rich as they are in monthly information on the struggle for Peace and Democracy—not when twelve months of them cost but a dollar!

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Luis Quintanilla's War Drawings

When the Republic that he loved and believed in was attacked by the fascists, he led the attack on the Montana Barracks that saved Madrid for the government. Later, studying military books at night while he commanded troops in the daytime, he fought in the pines and the grey rocks of the Guadarrama; on the yellow plain of the Tagus; in the streets of Toledo, and back to the suburbs of Madrid where men with rifles, hand grenades, and bundled sticks of dynamite faced tanks, artillery, and planes, and died so their country might be free.—ERNEST HEMINGWAY.

SO acute is the contemporary dislocation of artist and society that to read the above e reading from the *Iliad* or *Odyssey;* we hought the days gone by when men were is as well as artists, or, if they *were* citi- their art often suffered in the process. omes Luis Quintanilla to prove that a an believe in peace and democracy and or them, yet withal create art of a deep during kind. No less a description justly e made of the hundred drawings, made 00 miles of front, which are on view at useum of Modern Art till April 18.

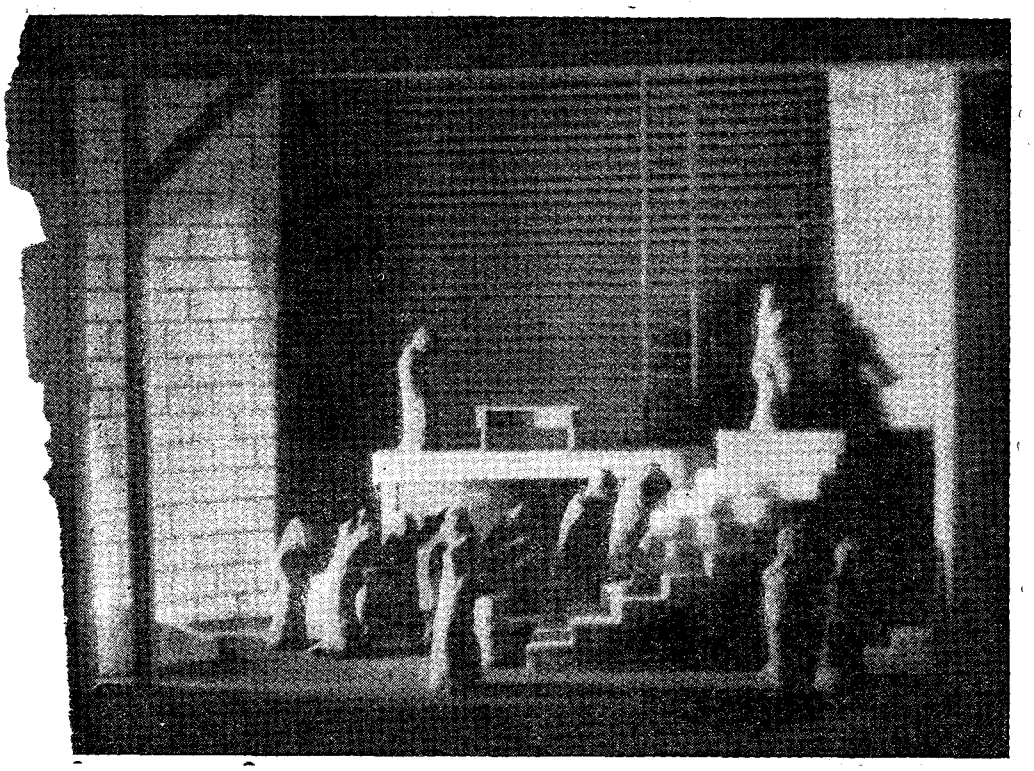
ıtanilla's war drawings would be an ex- ıary document in themselves, because e so beautiful, so sensitive in line and , so faithful to fact. They carry also the : of what has been destroyed, and this ıly the lovely and peaceful spirit of Spain, h architecture, its very earth, but actually ıtanilla's whole body of work previous to the Civil War. Educated privately and at the Jesuit University of Deusto at Bilbao, the artist wished first to be an architect, then a painter, then a sailor. By the age of twenty, he had settled down to painting. After the World War, he was sent by the Spanish government to study murals in Italy. Thereafter he slowly began to win recognition as Spain's leading artist next to Picasso. He was therefore commissioned to paint a large eleven-panel mural in the Pablo Iglesias Memorial, West Park, Madrid. It was finished July 1, 1936—and destroyed in fascist air raids the end of the month, as were his other murals.

To measure the genius of Quintanilla we have then these drawings, these seemingly fragile and delicate evocations of the bitter historical truth they relate. Studying them, we see the hand of a master working in the great tradition. The draftsmen of the centuries have contributed to the fine and sure line of Quintanilla's pen-and-ink strokes. It is not fanciful to suggest that the discipline of that Jesuit University at Bilbao also contributed to the discipline of the artist's style. But more than that, from the drawings we experience a sense of the quality of a whole people: they seem the sum total of what we know to be Spain, a land of simplicity and primitive economic development, a land whose men and women become heroes overnight. To look at the drawings, indeed, is like hearing an heroic *fandaguilla.*

The subject matter of the drawings is life in the midst of war. Death is incidental to the artist's purpose; were not the Spanish people confident of victory, they might experience despair and so dwell on thoughts of death. On the contrary, even the corpses have a triumphant air, since they have "died so their country might be free." Yet war is not glorious, only necessary; it must be fought and won. But it brings devastation in its wake. The ruined houses relate this aspect of war, and it is as if Quintanilla's boyhood inclination toward architecture had made him especially tender of shattered buildings. For, even in destruction, they preserve significant form and line.

The very coolness and apparent remoteness of Quintanilla's work suggests how the war in Spain has forged not only heroes, but also heroic conceptions of what men create. In Goya's time, the artist's protest against invasion was tinged with a powerful and romantic melancholy. Horror, violence, rapine seethed through Goya's etchings of the disasters of war. At that time, the road of hope was less evident, less clearly marked. The individual could resent, resist, savagely protest; he did not expect to change the course of history. Today the artist has hope that history will be changed; indeed, he himself is helping to change history. The spirit of his work must necessarily reflect the new impetus and direction. This conviction, this confidence, can be read between the minutely fine lines of Quintanilla's drawings; and in this affirmative mood lies the explanation of the power and beauty of his art.

ELIZABETH NOBLE.



ıg for Ernst Toller's "Masses and Man," by Eugene Morley, which won second prize in the Philadelphia Art Alliance Stage Design Competition.

Morley's Setting For Toller's Play

THE challenge offered by the current trend in New York toward totally sceneryless plays will probably exert a healthy influence everywhere on stage design, in much the same manner as the work of Appia and Craig spelled the end of a great deal of "scene painting" here several decades ago. To some extent it has been felt by the exhibitors in the Philadelphia Art Alliance Stage Model Competition (on public view in Philadelphia from March 14 to April 2). There is a noticeable trend away from the "gold and plush" era toward a frank acknowledgment of the functions of stage architecture beyond its hollow pictorial prettiness. Of some thirty or forty exhibits only ten or twelve are gold and plush or painstakingly realistic.

The *'Ception Shoals* of Mrs. Rita N. Oliver (first prize) is a simple arrangement of a lighthouse built against rocks and an opaque sky pierced with brilliant ultramarine stars. The lighthouse is constructed on a revolving platform. One side is the bleak exterior and the other the warm interior. Second prize went to Eugene Morley, instructor at the American Artists' School, New York City, and a contributor to the NEW MASSES, for two models

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of a unit set for Ernst Toller's revolutionary play of 1919, *Masses and Man*. The set has a starkness quite suitable to the play and is designed with economy of line and material. It consists of three platforms which are shifted in relation to one another to form six scenes of widely varying mood and character. W. Craig Smith won third prize with a set for *R.U.R.*, which depended in design on a background of huge steel girders and a pattern of steel-framed windows. Sets for O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape* were among the most effective. But unfortunately it was not shown whether the structure that served for several of the sets would be adequate for the remainder of them.

All in all, the models this year were better than ever before and seemed to show more understanding of the practical problems of play production. Most of them are such that the average little theater could adapt them to its requirements with little cost.

The judges were Harry Wagstaffe Gribble, Frank Benesch, and Lee Simonson. Mr. Simonson designed the sets for *Masses and Man* when it was produced by the Theatre Guild in 1924. J. W. TILDEN.

Federal Theatre Interprets Lincoln

PRELUDE TO GLORY, the Federal Theatre Project's play about the youth of Abraham Lincoln, comes along at this particular moment as an impressive argument for the passage of the Coffee Arts Bill, which among other things would put the Project on a permanent non-relief basis. We need more plays like *Prelude to Glory*, which wouldn't have the chance of a snowball in hell on Broadway, because it's neither fancy nor grandiose, and sticks straightforwardly to its subject, and the actors who play in it prove that they have the right to secure job tenure and to go on pleasing audiences as they are doing at this moment at the Maxine Elliott Theatre.

E. P. Conkle's play shows the young Lincoln's first steps away from the sluggish life of adversity-racked farmers to the country store in New Salem, where he began to read law, and where he fell in love with Ann Rutledge. It is Mr. Conkle's whim that Ann first stirred in Lincoln a knowledge of his capacities and the longing for a broader field of endeavor, and that when she died, stricken by the fever, his newly born ambition wilted; only the thought of her disappointment in him kept him from creeping back to his old home, defeated, and set him instead on the road to Springfield to practice law.

Actually, despite the reality of Lincoln's love for Ann and its tragic climax, Mr. Conkle has taken considerable liberties; Lincoln was already in the state legislature of Illinois when he and Ann became engaged. His ambition had stirred of its own power and needed no coaxing and scolding to be roused. By obscuring the determination which impelled him from his earliest days, Mr. Conkle has to a cer-

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tain extent depreciated the character. With this reservation we can accept his portrait as an honest and touching one, which, thanks to the performance of Stephen Courtleigh, sustains a play that is hardly more than a chronicle by the force of a great personality. Mr. Courtleigh does an extraordinary job in reincarnating it. After the first few startled moments we settle back to admit that this *was* Lincoln —his awkwardness, his humility, his gentleness, his humor, and vigor, as they must have been. Even the resemblance (and it cannot be entirely a make-up job) is striking, and goes beyond physical attributes of pose and gesture and facial expression to the creation of a spiritual quality, a personality, which is acting in the true sense of the term. Stephen Courtleigh takes a high place along with the half a dozen other talented players who have been uncovered by the Federal Theatre. He is ably supported by an excellent ensemble performance. Particularly good are the mass scenes—the Forum Club debate, the election meeting at the blacksmith's shop, the wrestling match—which are ably staged by Leo Bulgakov and played to the hilt by the entire company.

Prelude to Glory could be a better play. While the author suggests such influences on the young Lincoln as the smoldering problem of slavery and secession, and the opening up of a great new country, they are unduly subordinated to Lincoln's tragically interrupted idyl. We see the greatness of the man in the youth's quick sympathy and imagination, but we miss some sign of the anger and compassion which were to weld those qualities into statesmanship and great humanity. Perhaps it is asking too much of a play that has no such aspiration, but *Prelude to Glory* does not do its

Recently Recommended Plays

Haiti (Lafayette, N. Y.). Rex Ingram plays the lead in this stirring tale of how one of Toussaint L'Overture's generals foiled Napoleon's attempt to restore slavery in Haiti.

One-Third of a Nation (Adelphi, N. Y.). The current issue of The Living Newspaper, headlining the lack of adequate housing for President Roosevelt's 33 1-3 percent, and emphasizing the need for action. Thoroughly documented, witty, and admirably produced.

The Shoemaker's Holiday (National, N. Y.). Alternating with *Julius Caesar* and produced by the Mercury Theatre, Dekker's play represents with vigor and authority the Elizabethan love of life. A bawdy and lusty comedy that must be seen.

The Cradle Will Rock (Windsor, N. Y.). Marc Blitzstein's anti-fascist play, using music and satire as implements in the people's fight. (Closes April 2.)

A Doll's House (Broadhurst, N. Y.). A splendid performance of one of Ibsen's best.

Pins and Needles (Labor Stage, N. Y.). A sprightly social revue, sponsored by the I.L.G.W.U. and staged by union members. His tunes by Harold Rome and a lively book give the cast something to go to work on. Two companies are soon going on the road.

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subject matter justice. Nevertheless it provides an engrossing evening in the theater, thanks in no small degree to the men and women on the Federal Theatre Project.

ELEANOR FLEXNER.

Boris Shchukin's Portrayal of Lenin

ON a murky October day in 1917 a train from Finland is approaching the Russian border. In the cab of the locomotive there are two men besides the crew, a tall, fur-hatted fellow, and a stocky man in a worn and comfortable cap, leaning out the window with his back to us, as the engine rocks through the mist-enveloped landscape.

The short man turns to speak to his companion, and a shock runs through the audience when they see his face upon the screen. It is Vladimir Ilyich. *Lenin!*

It is Lenin with his thumbs hung in the armholes of his vest, Lenin of the descriptive gesture, the brown eyes squinting under the marble baldness, Lenin, whose first presence was enough to make an admirer. He is the scribbler of history in the mornings of exile, the impatient walker of the revolutionary's refuge, the maker of great strategies and small enemies, whose every dark defeat was a milestone to victory.

As the train travels toward Holy Russia, the conflagration of imperialist war has burned into gray embers, from which the great flower of new life is sprouting, breaking into the air from the earth of factory, battlefield, and farm. Lenin is going up to Petrograd on the eve of the October Revolution.

Recently Recommended Movies

Generals Without Buttons. A masterful study of child psychology with a vein of anti-war satire running throughout. A French production.

Mad About Music. A musical with Deanna Durbin. The first musical in a year of Tuesdays from which you could drop the music and still have an entertainment.

The Ballad of the Cossack Golota. Heart-warming and adventurous tale of the Civil War in Russia, photographed with the feeling of a Breughel winterscape.

The Adventures of Chico. An animal picture by the Woodard Brothers of Mexico. Authentic photography; a rare and beautiful picture.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Mark Twain's story of kids on the Mississippi, now in technicolor.

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The Soviet studios have here, in *Lenin in October,* made for the great celebration of twenty years of Soviet power, put an electric hour of history on the screen. The reincarnation of Lenin by Boris V. Shchukin is of magical fidelity and regard for detail, a triumph in theater art. I have seen Lenin in old newsreel clips, and in photographs, and Shchukin is this physical Lenin to the perfection. Beyond this craft matter of casting and makeup, *Lenin in October* has a psychological approach, an intimacy to Vladimir Ilyich as a man. There have been countless Hollywood Lincolns, canny reproductions in correct size and appearance, speaking in a sepulchral twang, but you could never get inside them as the spectator can with this Lenin. They are masquerade ball effects, without context. It is because the revolution of Lenin is alive in the U.S.S.R. and because Soviet cinema has begun to organize deep psychological inference within the historical drama, that this movie of Lenin is so significant. The *meaning* of Lincoln is not in Hollywood's civil war photos, however faithful in research. With but little knowledge of the events of 1917 ,the movie-goer can be impressed with this picture, because it has gathered so much of the three-dimensional story within its own confines.

The story from the arrival of Lenin, the reunions with Stalin and Dzerzhinsky, the lonely days of hiding out, escape from spies, the preparation for the rising in the Putilov factory and in the Baltic fleet (all the fateful minutes ticking off until the hour strikes), to the storming of the last stronghold of capitalism, the Winter Palace, is superbly told by the camera and by the director, V. Romm.

Eisenstein's silent film, *Ten Days That Shook the World,* also climaxes with the storming of the Winter Palace. The advance of Soviet cinema can be measured in the difference of these movies. Eisenstein's mass movements, his stunning camera work, the episodic treatment, were romantic naturalism. Since that pioneering day has come sound and depth. The fighting in the Winter Palace in *Lenin* is still the clash of one mass against another, the victory of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie, but it comes closer to us because we see it through the fortunes of individuals in the foreground of the mass action. The mousy little leader of the Putilov workers confronts the officials of the provisional government when the Palace is taken. He notifies them that they are washed up, through, no longer needed. He pulls out his comb and smooths a back-lock. We have seen him and this nervous little comedy before when he faces the cadets in the factory and when he tries to revive one of the swooning switchboard girls in the telephone exchange. "My dear young lady," he says clumsily, "please compose yourself and help me out." Lenin was trying to put through a call to a Baltic deputy.

Lenin in October continues the masterful historical technique of *Peter the First,* and it has the same special atmosphere for the onlooker, of having been close to something important beyond the walls of the theater. It is

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the most vivid memoirs of Lenin in any art. But *Lenin in October* does not open until March 31, and until then you will find another Soviet picture, *Ski Battalion,* marking time handsomely at the Cameo. It's a thumping good adventure story of guerilla warfare on skiis, against the Finnish White Guard interventionists. So don't sit around waiting for *Lenin in October* for your next Soviet film. See *Ski Battalion* in the meantime.

TO GIVE YOU AN IDEA how to spend a million dollars, regard the lists of sets built for Ernst Lubitsch's 67th film, *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife,* which do not (or only partly) appear in the picture: streets of Rome, Bucharest, and Warsaw; a prizefight arena, a railway station, a steamship office, an Alpine scene, and a ballet stage. I might also list a good fraction of the full *dramatis personæ* who were trampled on the cutting room floor, starting with a bit player who is billed as *Waiter who carries Horton.* However, I won't go into that, merely wishing to make the point that the method of shooting a couple hundred thousand feet against an acre of sets and cutting it down to size, doesn't guarantee a good film comedy.

I am haunted with the idea that the scene in the prizefight arena might be a lot funnier than the ones that stayed in. I suspect Mr. Lubitsch cheated me. Certainly the law of averages would provide more funny sequences than there are in *Bluebeard.*

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JAMES DUGAN.

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(Times given are Eastern Standard but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

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Modern Age Books. Tickets to Fortune dramatized, Sat., March 26, and *Wall of Men* and *Peril at End House,* Sat., April 2, 9:30 p.m., WABC.

Hamilton Fish. The Representative from New York will talk on "The South and the New Deal Cotton Policy," Wed., March 30, 7:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Joseph F. Guffey. The Pennsylvania Democrat speaks in connection with the 300th anniversary of the founding of Pennsylvania, Wed., March 30, 10:45 p.m., C.B.S.

Town Meeting of the Air. Brien McMahon, Gen. M. A. Reckord, and Sidney R. Montague will discuss "How Can We Stop the March of Crime?" Thurs., March 31, 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Henry G. Teigan. The Minnesota Farmer-Laborite will present "The Farmer-Labor Viewpoint of the Present Session of Congres," Sat., April 2, 10:45 p.m., C.B.S.

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